

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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New York, November 24, 1904

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JAPANESE GALLANTLY STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF SHAOSHANTZ, NEAR LIAO-YANG, LED BY MAJOR TACHIBANA, WHO CUT DOWN SIX RUSSIANS BEFORE HE HIMSELF WAS KILLED.



RUSSIANS, FLEEING AFTER THEIR DEFEAT AT ASHANTIEN, MANCHURIA, SHELLLED BY THE JAPANESE WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT WHILE BOARDING A TRAIN.

## HORRORS AND FURY OF COMBAT IN WAR-CURSED MANCHURIA.

RUSSIANS IN FLIGHT TORN TO PIECES BY JAPANESE SHELLS, AND THE MIKADO'S TROOPS, WITH DESPERATE VALOR, STORMING A STRONG RUSSIAN POSITION.  
*Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by T. Ruddiman Johnston, our special artist in the Orient.*



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Vol. XCIX. No. 2868

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Thursday, November 24, 1904

## Our National Bird.

WHEN the Pilgrims joyously celebrated their first  
festal Thanksgiving, in the autumn of 1621,  
the Governor "sent four men on fowling," and  
"they four in the one day killed as much fowle, as  
with a little helpe beside, served the company almost  
a weeke." This was a national Thanksgiving. Four  
men in a day killed ducks and partridges, geese and,  
above all, turkeys enough to feed all the people of  
the whole colony and their ninety Indian guests.  
From that time onward the turkey has been really  
the national bird of the American people. They dis-  
covered it. They found it abundant in their forests  
from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. It graced their  
first Thanksgiving, and it has been the chief feature  
of their Thanksgiving feasts ever since. The old  
world had ducks and geese, barnyard fowls and pheas-  
ants, but no turkeys. The history of the turkey is the  
history of America. The most royal of birds was re-  
served to grace the family and national festival of this  
great republic.

That first harvest festival must have been a lively  
time for the wives and daughters of the little settle-  
ment by the sea. For three days Massasoit and his  
ninety followers were their guests. Kettles and spits  
were kept busy. In addition to the abundance of  
wild fowl, there was also roasted venison, for the  
Indians brought in fine deer and gave them to the  
Governor and Captain Miles Standish. The tables  
groaned beneath the weight of ducks and geese, par-  
tridges, venison, and turkeys. Wild grapes, also, and  
pumpkin pies graced the boards. Beach plums and blue-  
berries were abundant. It was a merry time that be-  
gan with the famous hunt of the four fowlers who  
were the purveyors for a week's feasting for a whole  
nation and its Indian allies and friends. The grown-  
up people joined in games with the children. There  
were contests in marksmanship and in stoole-ball  
games. Toils and privations were forgotten in the  
hearty merrymaking and graceful hospitality.

But they had no cranberry sauce. Vast quantities  
of cranberries are now raised on Cape Cod, but they  
are not native there. The cranberry is Canadian in  
origin, though it has come to its most perfect and  
abundant development in our own Eastern States. It  
is a great tax on the imagination to try to realize that  
there was ever a time when people had no cranberry  
sauce to add the supreme relish to their Thanksgiving  
turkey. This perfect combination has been enjoyed  
by so many generations and is so blissful, that any  
rational philosophy of history seems to demand belief  
that the first Thanksgiving turkeys were shot while  
feasting in a cranberry bog, but this plausible theory  
is not borne out by the facts.

In the place of the four men with fowling-  
pieces, millions of men and women and children now  
forage for the annual Thanksgiving feast, and all the  
vast machinery of modern transportation is taxed to  
bring its constituent elements together. What pic-  
tures of countless farms and orchards, of vineyards  
and cranberry-bogs, of teeming barrels and baskets,  
bins and wagons, of railway trains and swift ships, of  
stores and stockyards and markets, the Thanksgiving  
table suggests. How proudly the stately and innu-  
merable armies of turkeys have marched up to their

apotheosis; to the splendid destiny of the chief place  
of honor at the most joyous and delightful festival  
of the most prosperous and happiest of nations, in  
ideally perfect combination with cranberry sauce.

The most beautiful memories, the sweetest asso-  
ciations, the fondest affections, the most grateful  
emotions, the most heavenly hopes, the purest earthly  
happiness, characterize family Thanksgiving reunions.  
To fit such deep, tender, and delightful social and  
spiritual pleasures, the Thanksgiving dinner is itself  
ideal, giving an æsthetic delight to the eye and the  
imagination as well as perfect rapture to the palate.  
Turkey and cranberry sauce are means of grace to  
body, soul, and spirit.

## A Great Personal Triumph.

THE REPUBLICAN victory of 1904 was personal  
much more than it was partisan. While almost any  
worthy and capable Republican could have carried the  
country in the recent election, in the absence of a  
Democratic candidate or a Democratic creed that could  
appeal to the people's intelligence or conscience, the  
lead would have been of much smaller dimensions than  
the one just scored. Some of the States which Roose-  
velt carried would have been lost under any other  
leadership. In none of the States which were carried  
would the plurality for the Republicans have been  
anywhere as large as it was under this year's standard-  
bearer.

President Roosevelt won a greater plurality in the  
electoral college than was ever rolled up by any other  
presidential candidate of either party in the half-  
century of the Republican organization's life, except  
by Lincoln in 1864 and by Grant in 1872. He had the  
largest plurality of the popular vote ever gained by  
any presidential candidate of any party in the coun-  
try's history. In every State he ran a long way ahead  
of his party's State ticket. He carried many States  
which were lost to the Republican nominees for Gov-  
ernor or other State officers. His vast personal popu-  
larity pulled through the State ticket of his party in  
many States in which it would otherwise have been  
beaten. McKinley carried the country by an immense  
vote in the Republican tidal-wave year of 1900, but  
Roosevelt's lead in the popular vote and in the elect-  
oral college not only beat McKinley's, but he carried  
several States which McKinley lost, won bigger plu-  
ralities in many others, and went a long way ahead of  
McKinley's lead in McKinley's own State of Ohio, in  
any election in which that distinguished and popular  
man figured, for either Governor or President.

The elections in which the two other illustrious Re-  
publicans had longer leads than Roosevelt in the elect-  
oral college were had under widely different condi-  
tions for the party than those which prevailed this  
year. When Lincoln won his great victory in 1864  
the eleven Confederate States, of course, all in the  
Democratic section, did not figure in the voting.  
Grant's great victory of 1872 was gained when the  
Democratic party was still staggering under the load  
of the popular distrust occasioned by secession and the  
Civil War; when the States had not yet been restored  
to their normal social and political conditions; when  
many electoral votes from the Southern States were  
excluded from the count, and when the Democratic  
party had no candidate of its own, but had accepted  
one of its old enemies, the Republican bolter, Horace  
Greeley, whom many Democrats repudiated at the  
polls. In 1904 not only were all the States repre-  
sented in the voting, but through evasions of the Con-  
stitution in the suffrage, many States were packed  
against the Republican party, and the Democrats en-  
gineered a campaign of slander and general misrep-  
resentation unexampled in the country's annals.

President Roosevelt not only carried all the ex-slave  
States which President McKinley won in 1900, but he  
reduced the Democratic lead in most of the others, and  
he won Missouri, which had been Democratic con-  
stantly for thirty-six years, and which never left the  
Democracy in any presidential canvass in eighty years,  
except in 1864 and 1868, when tens of thousands of  
Democrats were either out of the State on account of  
the Civil War, or had been disfranchised because of it.  
Had a free ballot and an honest count prevailed in the  
South in 1904 Roosevelt would have carried many  
States of that section, and have won a victory as  
sweeping as Harrison gained in his "Tippecanoe and  
Tyler, too," canvass of 1840, or as Pierce gained in  
1852, when he carried every State in the Union except  
four.

In his second inaugural Grant said that he had  
"been the subject of abuse and slander scarcely ever  
equaled in political history," and that he accepted his  
re-election as a verdict of vindication. President  
Roosevelt was made the target of even viler slanders  
than had been hurled at General Grant, and his stu-  
pendous popular majority, which is much larger than  
Grant's, is the American people's magnificent tribute  
to his honesty, courage, public spirit, and sanity.

## The Plain Truth.

THAT READS like a wise ruling made by the In-  
dian bureau in order to prevent the Indian from  
squandering the proceeds from the sale of his lands.  
The ruling is that the Indian heir who petitions for the  
sale of his inherited lands shall agree to have the pro-  
ceeds deposited in some near-by United States deposi-  
tory, subject to the check of the Indian owner to the

extent of not more than ten dollars a month, and only  
with the consent of the agent indorsed on the check;  
or, if for more than ten dollars a month, with the spe-  
cific approval of the Indian office. This ought to save  
the Indian from the clutches of the shark with the pale  
face.

A THEORY, WHICH to some may seem fanciful,  
that is certainly ingenious, and which may be  
finally and fully substantiated, is advanced by Julius  
Chambers, the famous American journalist, to account  
for the attack of the Baltic fleet of Russia upon the  
Hull fishing vessels. Mr. Chambers believes that his-  
tory will have to charge the slaughter of the Hull trawl-  
ers to literature, with a big L. Rudyard Kipling re-  
cently published in his volume, "Traffics and Discov-  
eries," a story describing with great particularity the  
efforts of a subordinate naval officer to hide his torpedo-  
boat among a fleet of trawlers and to attack his enemy  
in a fog from that point of vantage. Taking out the  
dialogue and the dialect, Mr. Chambers points out that  
this narrative might serve as the Russian version of  
the supposed attack upon the Baltic fleet by alleged  
torpedo-boats in the North Sea. Undoubtedly the Rus-  
sians read Kipling. They have come to regard torpe-  
does and submarine boats with terror. Small wonder,  
after their experience in that line. Mr. Chambers may  
be right. Kipling may have frightened the Russians  
into believing that torpedo-vessels were hidden among  
the trawlers. This theory is a tribute to the influence  
of Kipling, but if it be founded on fact the influence  
has had a lamentable result in frightening the Russians  
into killing the writer's own countrymen.

NOTHING WAS more significant and gratifying in  
the proceedings of the recent peace congress in  
Boston than the complete unity of feeling and purpose  
pervading the assembly, composed, as it was, of men  
and women holding the most widely differing views in  
matters of religion and on other subjects. Among the  
active participants were a Buddhist priest, several  
pronounced agnostics and secularists, as well as sev-  
eral laymen representative of the Roman Catholic  
faith, several Jewish rabbis, and many representatives  
of lay and clerical, of the leading Protestant denomina-  
tions, including a number of Quakers. More signifi-  
cant, perhaps, of the bond of fellowship, on the purely  
religious side, was the daily religious service held early  
each morning during the sessions of the congress at  
the South Congregational Church. Here the extremes  
of faith met and joined in supplication for the spread  
of peace throughout the world. Roman Catholics,  
Protestants, and Jews assembled there, all with one  
sincere thought for a closer bond of brotherhood.  
Speaking of these morning meetings at one session  
of the congress, Dr. Hale said that so far as he knew  
it was the first time such a thing had occurred since  
the time of the Emperor Constantine, and it was enough  
to make the week noteworthy in itself. At one of  
these devotional exercises Dr. Hale spoke a brief in-  
vocation, and there was a responsive reading led by a  
Baptist clergyman, after which Rabbi Fleischer, of  
Philadelphia, read selections from the eleventh and  
the fifty-eighth chapters of Isaiah, giving, so it ap-  
peared, a new meaning to the wonderful language of  
the Old Testament. If such a union of diverse sects  
could be effected for the work of peace, why not for  
a hundred other causes in which unity is equally es-  
sential.

THE PRESS of New York State, and especially the  
small dailies and weeklies printed in the interior,  
where Republican majorities are made, have reason to  
rejoice over the success of their State ticket. The  
election of President Roosevelt was conceded, and the  
Democrats centred their efforts therefore on the govern-  
orship, sustained by a mistaken belief that Republican  
disaffection was too great to be overcome. The members  
of the Republican State Editorial Association decided  
to pay particular attention to the gubernatorial cam-  
paign, and the result shows that their work was as  
effective in 1904 as it was in the very close electoral  
battle in this State two years ago. At the opening of  
the campaign Lieutenant-Governor Higgins was ap-  
palled by the opposition which had been deliberately  
inspired against him by those who had no reason to be  
otherwise than friendly. Meeting the situation as he  
has met every other crisis in his life, with manly re-  
solution and courage, Mr. Higgins decided to make a  
tour of the State and to invade every camp of the  
opposition. His frankness and sincerity won the day,  
and a superb victory is the result. No man ever  
called to the governorship of this State has given  
stronger pledges to the people of an honest, economical,  
and independent administration than Frank W. Higgins.  
We know of no one in the State who has had a wider  
legislative experience or a profounder knowledge of  
the work of the State government in all its various  
departments. For nearly a dozen years he has devoted  
a large part of his time most unselfishly and gener-  
ously to secure legislation to curb extravagances and  
abolish official abuses. He has done this at the risk  
of friendship and at the sacrifice of the cheap popular-  
ity which attaches to public men who are lavish in the  
expenditure of public funds. We predict that the  
Governor-elect will be in every sense the Governor of  
the State, and that he will give the people an adminis-  
tration which in business sagacity, common sense,  
and conservatism has rarely been equaled and never  
excelled. The overwhelming Republican majority in  
the Legislature, is an element of weakness rather  
than strength, but if it fails to give a good account of  
itself, the fault will not be due to Governor Higgins.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

AMONG THE Salvation Army's officers at home and abroad are a Russian princess, the daughter of an English earl, the cousin of a Scottish duke, and the daughter of a New York millionaire, who, discarding the society of that city, is happy in working amid the slums of London.

THE RECENT burning at the stake of the two negroes, Reed and Cato, at Statesboro, Ga., has had a unique sequel in the punishment of the officers commanding the soldiers who guarded the court-house from which the mob took the prisoners. Captain Robert M. Hitch, First Lieutenant George A. Mell, and Second Lieutenant Henry L. Griner, of the Georgia State troops, have been found guilty on various charges, after a trial by court-martial ordered by Governor Terrell. Captain Hitch was sentenced to be



CAPTAIN ROBERT M. HITCH.  
Dismissed from the Georgia militia for failing to protect two negroes.  
Hoffman.

dismissed from the service. Lieutenant Mell was sentenced to suffer a public reprimand and ordered suspended from the service for one year. Lieutenant Griner was sentenced to be publicly reprimanded. The negroes had been found guilty of murdering the Hodges family and burning the house to conceal the crime. Immediately after the judge sentenced the prisoners to be hanged a mob of several hundred men attacked the court-house and, after meeting a resistance of a little over an hour, secured the prisoners and lynched them. Captain Hitch had ordered the soldiers not to fire on the mob. A part of his defense was that had his men fired they would have shot the sheriff leading the mob on and the judge trying to pacify them. The verdict has not met the unanimous popular approval of the people of the State, and Captain Hitch has many friends who declare it unjust. The captain is a prominent attorney of Savannah, and so his sentence seems all the more surprising.

PREACHING BY telephone is the latest device employed by ministers to reach absent hearers. The Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, has connected his church with a city hospital by means of telephones, and with megaphones strung in front of the pulpit and receivers in the hospital wards his words are distinctly heard by the patients.

MRS. WILLIAMS, who died at Bristol, England, recently, was known for a remarkable appetite. According to the story in the London *Telegraph*, she once seized a box of dominoes and swallowed no less than twenty-eight pieces. On another occasion she consumed one and a half pounds of gravel, and later she swallowed thirteen iron screws. None of these things apparently harmed her, for she lived to a good old age.

ONE OF THE pronounced successes of the early musical season in New York was the "Shakespearean Cycle," which was produced for the first time at the joint concert given by Madame Galski and David Bispham at Carnegie Hall. This is a dignified and pleasing production, consisting of selections from Shakespeare's sonnets and lyrics set to music. The composer of this fine work, Mrs. Grace Wassall, is a Chicago lady of exceptional talent, who bids fair to become a prominent figure in the musical world. Mrs. Wassall is the wife of Dr. Joseph Wassall, a leading physician of Chicago, and a

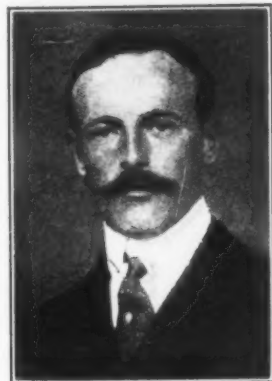


MRS. GRACE WASSALL,  
The new American composer, whose "Shakespearean Cycle" is a great success.—Kochne.

daughter of Mrs. Spencer Crosby, who has won a national reputation as a lecturer on Wagner. She had already produced a number of pieces anonymously which were well received by the public. But the "Shakespearean Cycle" was the first pretentious work of which she acknowledged herself to be the author. It has been declared by competent critics to possess remarkable merit, and to be unsurpassed by the productions of any other American composer. This is high praise, but the excellent impression it made on the audience at the initial performance indicates that it is to achieve wide popularity. Mrs.

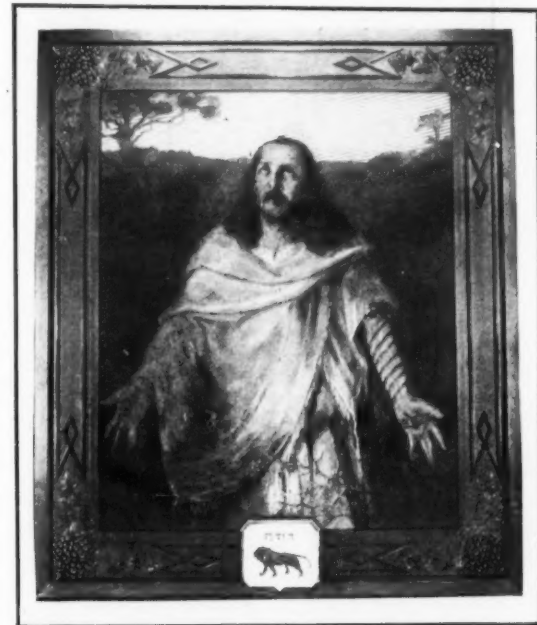
Wassall is a handsome and accomplished woman, and an enthusiast in the tuneful art.

THE DETERMINATION of Mr. William Waldorf Astor to remain a British citizen will receive additional emphasis, no doubt, by the recent marriage of his only daughter, Miss Pauline, to a wealthy young Englishman, Captain Spender Clay.



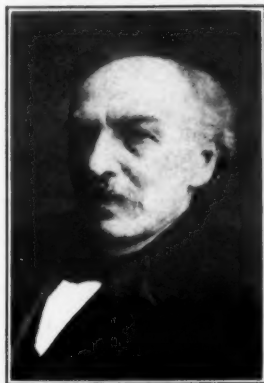
CAPTAIN SPENDER CLAY,  
Who was recently married to Miss Pauline Astor in London.  
Beresford.

Captain Clay is one of the largest shareholders in Bass's brewery. His young bride will undoubtedly prove a pleasant addition to the wealthy hostesses of English society.



JESUS AT PRAYER IN GETHSEMANE.  
From Max Rosenthal's remarkable painting.

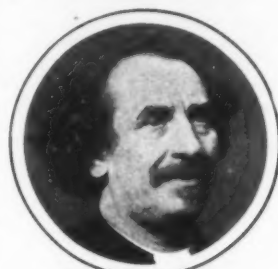
A UNIQUE incident, that for the moment brought three great religious organizations in touch with each other, occurred recently in Baltimore, when Cardinal Gibbons, a prince of the Roman Church, visited Grace Methodist Episcopal Church and inspected a remarkable picture of Jesus at prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, painted by Mr. Max Rosenthal, a well-known artist of Philadelphia and a Jew. His Eminence was deeply impressed with the painting, which he termed striking and sublime. In conversation with Mr. Rosenthal the cardinal had but one criticism to make, viz., that Jesus was portrayed as wearing phylacteries, a practice He himself had condemned. Mr. Rosenthal, however, claimed that the condemnation referred only to excessively broad phylacteries, and not to such narrow ones as are shown in the portrait. Something like these latter, Mr. Rosenthal believes, Jesus, and the Jews of his time, wore. The picture aims to represent the historic and not the religious Jesus, and is the conception of the man Christ as he appeared to a scholarly Jew—a personage of noble nature, but in all respects Judean. It had been the artist's dream for thirty years to produce a figure like this. In preparation for this work he studied all the pictures of Jesus in the world's great galleries, and he made more than one hundred sketches from living models—all of the best type of Jewish manhood—before he realized his ideal. The painting, which, through the good offices of Mr. John Wanamaker, was loaned for exhibition at the convention of the Mary-



MR. MAX ROSENTHAL,  
A Jew whose unique picture of Jesus Cardinal Gibbons praised.  
Wright & Cook.

land Sunday-school Union in Baltimore, was viewed and admired by thousands of people. It was insured for \$20,000, and it is stated that Mr. Rosenthal was offered that sum for it by a Roman Catholic church on condition that he paint a halo around the head, which he refused to do.

A COMING man in the history of British-American evangelism is the Rev. W. J. Dawson, of London, who is to be associated with the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Brooklyn in a new evangelistic movement known as the midnight mission. It originated in Brighton, England and Mr. Dawson experienced it there and afterward in his own "highly respectable church in a highly respectable neighborhood." Mr. Dawson is a cultivated man and a polished orator, but he believes, on the basis of recent experiences in England, that the non-church classes of society are more ready for evangelization than the churches are prepared to seek and save them. Dr. Hillis is like minded. These Congregational ministers recently held an impromptu ministerial meeting in Des Moines, Ia., in connection with the National Congregational Council, which was characterized by the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., of the Endeavor Society, as the most remarkable religious meeting that he had ever attended. Dr. Hillis seems to be more and more inclined to stand by the Bible, and is just about to enter upon an evangelistic campaign in his church. He thinks that there is now going on a most remarkable return, on the part of the church, to the old faith in Christ and the Bible, and he is looking for great gatherings all over the land. Dr. Hillis and Mr. Dawson are a unit on these optimistic and aggressive lines of religious revival. Two men of such pronounced ability, individuality and zeal, working harmoniously together, can hardly fail to make a profound and lasting impression on the religious situation.



REV. W. J. DAWSON,  
Of London, who will join in a new evangelistic movement.  
Austen.

A SHIP'S DOCTOR who has made one hundred voyages declares that the American girl does not become seasick so readily as her European sisters. The English girl is next in order of resistance, while the French girl succumbs most easily.

IT IS RELATED of the late Mr. Whistler that he went one day with an artist in Paris who was not overburdened with this world's goods, and was surprised at the sumptuous lunch provided. On asking him how he managed to live so well, his host replied: "I have a pet monkey, which I let down from my window by a rope into that of my landlady and trust to Providence. Sometimes Jacko returns with a loaf, sometimes with a ham. His visits are full of surprises—one never knows what may appear."

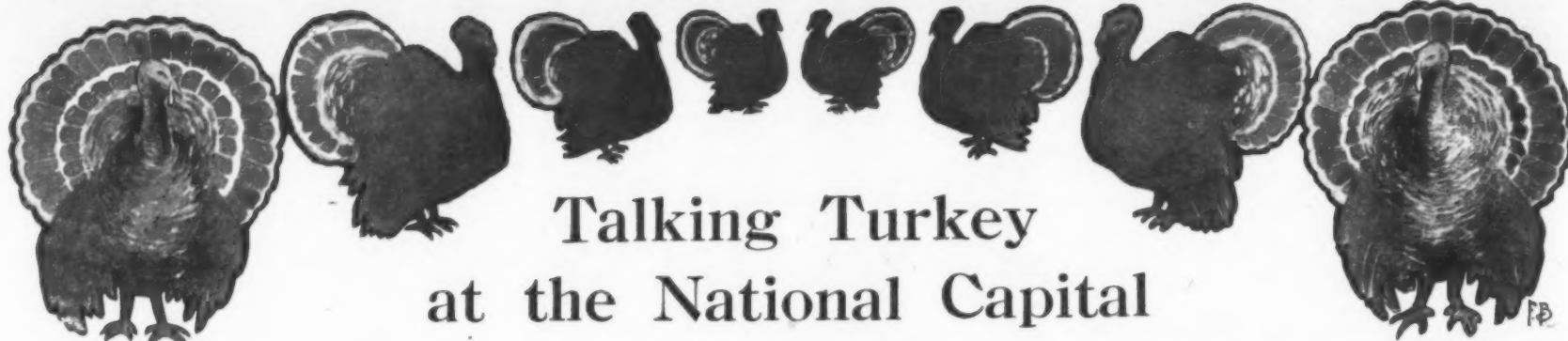
NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the anti-foreign feeling in China is strong, unusual honors were recently paid to an American who traveled in that land.

Professor J. W. Jenks, who holds the chair of political economy and politics at Cornell University, was sent as a special United States commissioner to the Celestial Kingdom to work out a scheme of currency reform for the ancient and backward country. A crude silver standard prevails there, and the value of money fluctuates according to the ups and downs of commercial bullion. Professor Jenks's mission had a direct bearing on the comfort and success of the work of the missionaries, and one of the latter accompanied him during part of his journey. Traveling as he did in behalf of the government, Professor Jenks was accorded the rank of viceroy by the Chinese, and was greeted and royally treated by magistrates and other officials wherever he went, even in places where the hostility to foreigners was pronounced. Whatever may be the final result of his trip, the professor did a good service to many missionaries by going in state to visit them. This added greatly to the prestige of these devoted Christian workers and increased their influence with the people.



PROFESSOR J. W. JENKS,  
Of Cornell University, who went to China to effect currency reform.





## Talking Turkey at the National Capital

CONGRESSMEN TALK of it in the cloak-rooms, Senators discuss it at home with their wives, and the President, as well as his Cabinet ministers, can be heard telling tales of turkey to the exclusion of every other subject. It was the same way last year at this season. People forgot all other foreign affairs, while turkey alone was the subject of consideration and discussion. One of the most graphic tales of turkey ever told was narrated by Governor McMillin, of Tennessee. Governor McMillin was twenty years in Congress, and everybody in public life knows him.

The greatest dinner that McMillin ever enjoyed was at a log-house, when he was a callow youth just returning from a Kentucky university. A very large turkey had been secured, and it had been carefully plucked and drawn on the day before Thanksgiving. That night, however, some appreciative colored man had thrown the family into consternation by abstracting the bird, and the theft was discovered about nine o'clock in the evening. Meanwhile a terrific gale had arisen, and it almost reached the fury of a tornado. The log-house stood the blast, but it shivered and groaned. The wooden shutters were firmly locked, and the howling wind outside made the log-wood fire dance with glee, sending showers of sparks up the chimney. Suddenly there was a smash against one of the wooden shutters. A blood-curdling sound was heard. Securing a lantern, the head of the household went out quickly, and as quickly returned. He held in his hands two huge turkeys with bronzed legs and ruffled feathers. One was a gobbler and the other was a hen. They had been torn from their roosts in the mountains, borne miles by the gale, and thrown against the rude cabin by the hand of Providence, to take the place of the turkey that had been stolen. Providence had made no mistake in this case, for the family were good, old-fashioned, hard-shell Baptists, and they returned thanks on the spot. The next day they enjoyed the finest Thanksgiving dinner ever given in Tennessee. Governor McMillin had no affidavits to accompany this story, but it is easier to believe it than to seek to disprove it.

Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, tells a tale of turkey that makes one's mouth water. He says that his people have wild geese and turkeys—the wilder the better. Just at this season of the year tremendous flocks fly southward. They skim squawking over the prairies within easy range of shot-guns, and are generally found nearest to the ground in the vicinity of the large lakes which are numerous in every county. They are dressed and baked there as elsewhere; and, with sweet potatoes, squash, tomatoes, and canned corn as side dishes, they furnish food fit for families of fortune. Senator Hansbrough is a temperance man, and has neither wine nor other liquor with his turkey, and says that his people are generally too sane or too poor to spoil their Thanksgiving dinners with intoxicants of any kind.

Ex-Secretary of War, Senator Alger, of Michigan, says that outside of Detroit the turkeys are never quite up to the proper standard of delicacy. He admits that all Michigan is constantly in a Thanksgiving condition on account of the soil, climate, and superior population, but clings to the notion of a lifetime that Detroit wives, daughters, cooks, and other women know best how to cook and serve the national bird. Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, each has a story to tell about the superiority of turkey in his own State, and, judging from their prejudices, it would seem that the statesmen regard turkey very much as General Hancock regarded the tariff, "as a local issue."

"The eagle is not

our national bird," says Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. "The eagle never was the national bird. Moreover, the eagle is doomed to extinction, while turkey, the real national bird, will never become extinct. The domestic bird will always be cultivated, while the wild turkey will take care of himself, as long as he lasts. I like the eagle, though. He is purely non-partisan. He goes North in the spring-time, fattens on the fields of the Yankees, and comes back to South Carolina just in time for Thanksgiving. Thus we eat and drink in harmony with the Yankees of New England and with the money-changers on Wall Street on that day. Nobody calls us anarchists on Thanksgiving day. We are then all regarded as American citizens—the equals of the lily-fingered patricians of the North." It is not altogether unlikely that the palmetto statesman balances a pitchfork on his knees, even while eating his Thanksgiving dinner.

"The snow is creaking and cracking under the bobsleds in Minnesota," says Congressman Tawney. "The dinner of turkey is grand, and every farmer's family can afford one, too. The people of three generations

gather around the table, and they eat until they can eat no more; particularly the boys and girls, whose youthful appetites are sharpened by the clear, dry, cold air that sweeps over the prairies. But eating turkey doesn't end the Thanksgiving day in Minnesota. The boys and girls get out the horses, bobsleds, sleigh-bells, buffalo robes, gloves, and mufflers, and go driving out under the diamond-studded sky, either to visit some friends or to attend some country entertainment. There's lots of love-making on those drives. The foundations of happy homes are often laid 'under the Thanksgiving stars.'"

In the mild climate of Virginia and Maryland, on the beautiful Potomac, where the writer resides in the national capital, it makes one shiver to the marrow to think of boys and girls having a good time in their bobsleds, making love and plighting their troth under the stars, while the thermometer is at or below zero. Washington city is the place to tell tales of turkey and enjoy the annual feast of reason and flow of soul. We have no snow, no hail, no rain, and not even breezes to bluster and chill. We need neither arctics nor goloches. And, by the way, here we are, unconsciously going ahead, proving that Thanksgiving day is "a local issue," every one believing or claiming to believe that his environments are the best. And, in the midst of the good cheer of it all, we might as well do a little genuine thanksgiving.

SMITH D. FRY.

### The Kaiser's Gift Unveiled.

THE UNVEILING of the bronze statue of Frederick the Great in Washington, on November 19th, strengthened the already very close relations of cordiality existing between Germany and the United States. This memorial is a replica of the marble statue of Frederick which adorns the avenue in Potsdam, and was the personal gift of William II. to the people of the United States. It is to be placed on the grounds of the War College, and was unveiled by the Baroness von Sternburg and presented to the United States by her husband, Freiherr Speck von Sternburg, Germany's efficient and popular ambassador at Washington, and accepted in a notably sympathetic address by President Roosevelt. General Gillespie had charge of the exercises, and made an address on "Frederick as a Soldier," detachments of the army participated in the ceremonies, and the whole affair, as was eminently proper, had a distinctly military character.

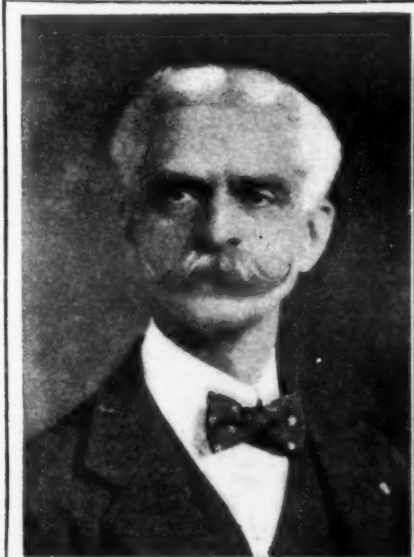
A few newspapers have objected to the erection of the statue of any monarch on American soil, but in this case the criticisms had no weight with the people. Frederick was a friend of Washington and the American government. The statue is in harmony with the associations of the War College. The Kaiser is an ardent admirer of the American people, and intends this memorial of his great kinsman as a mark of his friendship for President Roosevelt and his countrymen. Both

people and President thoroughly reciprocate this sentiment. The American people's regard for the Kaiser and his countrymen is heightened by his selection of such a capable and worthy representative at Washington as Baron von Sternburg, who, with his charming wife, has won the hearts of all Americans during his service in this country.

The fact, too, that William II.'s country has contributed largely toward the peopling and the development of the United States counts for much in the welcome which was extended to his gift. Since the days, 221 years ago, when Francis Daniel Pastorius planted his little colony at the spot on the Delaware which came to be called Germantown onward to this day, the Germans have been a powerful factor



BRONZE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES BY EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY, AND RECENTLY UNVEILED WITH MUCH CEREMONY AT WASHINGTON.—Cullen.



GENERAL ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, THE ABLE AND EFFICIENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

Albany Art Union.



BARONESS VON STERNBURG, THE GRACIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, AND UNVEILER OF THE STATUE.—Marceau.



BARON SPECK VON STERNBURG, THE SCHOLARLY AND POPULAR GERMAN AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

Marceau.

PROMINENT PERSONS WHO ATTENDED THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.



in the building of the United States. Pastorius was the author of the first appeal for the abolition of slavery ever made on American soil. Germans figured prominently in the Continental Congress, among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, in the armies by which independence was won, in the convention which framed the Constitution, and in the Congresses which put that charter in operation.

In peace and war the men of German birth and descent have been among the most intelligent, order-loving, and patriotic of Americans. In the shaping of the country's institutions down to this hour they have taken a decidedly prominent part. From Washington's days to Roosevelt's, in the wars with England, Mexico, and Spain, they have fought the country's battles. It was the German element of the American citizenship which held Missouri in the Union in 1861-1865, which thus kept the northernmost verge of the Confederate line west of the Mississippi below the Arkansas, which preserved communication between the loyal States and the Pacific coast by way of the great overland routes, and which consequently contributed very materially toward the preservation of the nation. Germans were on the front line of the march of expansion from the valleys of the James, the Hudson, and the Connecticut across the Alleghenies, through the Mississippi valley, over the great continental divide of the Rockies, and onward to the Golden Gate, the mouth of the Columbia, and the banks of Puget Sound.

Of the 22,000,000 of immigrants who have come to the United States since 1821, when the statistics of the inflow first began to be gathered systematically, 5,000,000 have been contributed by Germany, or more than any other country, Ireland standing second with 4,000,000. Of the 10,000,000 foreign-born residents of the United States in 1900, Germany furnished 2,663,000 as compared with 1,615,000 by her nearest competitor, Ireland. There are 15,000,000 people of German birth and descent in the United States, or more than there are in Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, and Baden taken together, which are the largest of the states of the German empire, except Prussia. Emphatically, the German is a potent ingredient in that composite which figures collectively under the designation American.

President Roosevelt, Baron von Sternburg, General Gillespie, and the other orators at the unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great at Washington had an inspiring theme in recounting the part which the men of German blood and German lineage performed in the evolution of the American republic.

### After-election Observations.

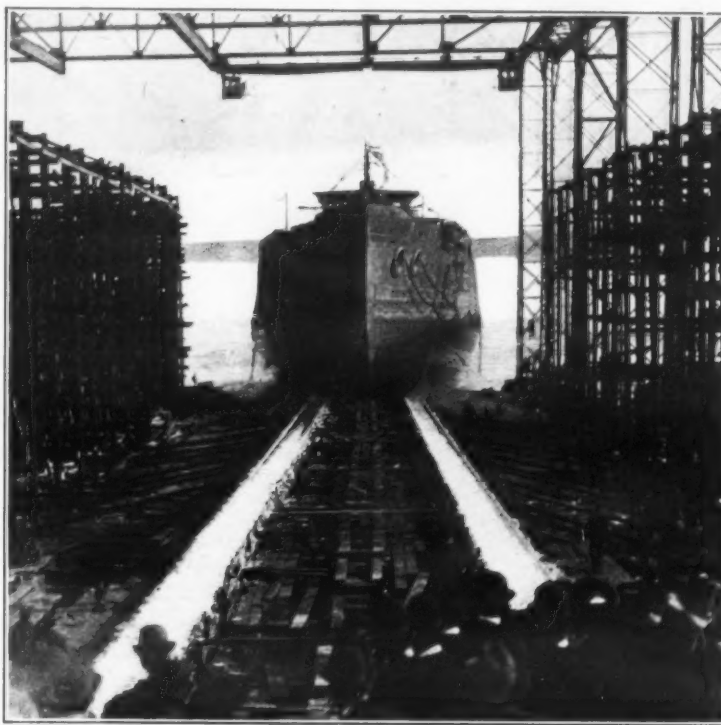
ACRIMONY AND defamation marked the closing days of the recent political campaign. Nearly every man of prominence on both sides was assailed. Epithets and accusations were vigorously passed to and fro. By this time most of the participants in these quarrels have recovered their tempers. But, after all, the men who permitted their passions to rise, and who in the later days of the contest attacked and were attacked, did not do the real and effective work. That was accomplished by the silent men. The fiercest batteries of the Democrats were turned on Chairman Cortelyou, of the Republican national committee. He never made reply. This silent man continued his work steadfastly until the end. The result shows how effective it was. He was the Grant of the campaign, who, through patient perseverance, led his party to the greatest triumph ever scored in American politics. Withal, so modest was Mr. Cortelyou that he even refused to make public the messages of congratulation and commendation he received from the President.

Another who went through the campaign in silence was Cornelius N. Bliss, the treasurer of the Republican national committee. His position is one upon which, in an excited campaign, it would be expected that the fierce light of publicity would beat. So honorably did he do his work that the Democrats, even in their moments of greatest bitterness, did not bring his name into the campaign; and they could not, for it is a fact that he never asked a man for a contribution to the campaign fund. He advised with many men, but whatever they did for the cause was done on their own initiative. For his years of faithful, competent, and irreproachable service in his position the Republican party owes Mr. Bliss a great debt of gratitude. No other man has done so effective and successful work during so many contests.

In future campaigns no heed will be given to advance newspaper postal-card canvasses. Those published this year by the New York Herald and the Brooklyn Eagle were so utterly at variance with the results that it is difficult to believe that they were not put out with some sinister design. It is inexplicable how the Eagle reached the conclusions it did, if the compilers it employed and if the persons who sent in the postal-cards were capable and honest. An instance has been related of a political worker who had twenty-seven of the cards, on each of which he wrote a statement to the effect that heretofore he had always voted the Republican ticket, but that this year his vote would be Democratic. Each of the cards he signed with a different name, and all he sent to the

Eagle. Thus twenty-seven of the nearly 200,000 plurality it figured for Parker in greater New York are accounted for. Former Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff had a more accurate forecast of the result when he laughed at the claim that Brooklyn would give Parker 25,000 plurality. Chairman Halpin, of the New York County Republican committee was much closer to the mark when, on Governor Odell's authority, he announced two days before election that Parker's plurality in New York County would be but 42,000.

In New York City Governor Odell fought Tammany



LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "NEW JERSEY."

FAST SEA-GOING WAR-SHIP, CHRISTENED BY MRS WILLIAM D. KINNEY, DAUGHTER OF GOVERNOR MURPHY, GLIDING OFF THE WAYS AT THE FORE RIVER SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY'S YARDS, QUINCY, MASS.—Somers.

face to face. The wigwag never before encountered such an opponent. In previous contests the Republicans have placed reliance on districts outside the metropolis. Without neglecting those districts Governor Odell forced the fight into the enemy's country and fought Tammany to a standstill. He came out of the contest with the honors of championship. Tammany never knew what it was to be tackled as he tackled it. The outcome shows that Governor Odell is the greatest political gladiator in New York State, and it vindicates his reluctant decision to accept the chairmanship of the State committee at a critical moment.

Tom Taggart crept back into New York two days after election. He did not bring any of the money he took to Indiana with which to carry that State for Parker. Formerly a bar-tender, and now managing a hotel with a gambling annex, Taggart knows that money is the root of much evil, and he probably thinks there is plenty left in New York to cause sufficient evil. Soon after Thomas was elected chairman of the Democratic national committee he heard that the Hon. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company and a Democrat of many years' reputation in New York State, though he openly supported McKinley, had declared for Roosevelt. Taggart asked his informant, "Who is McCall?" With such a man as his campaign manager Judge Parker was handicapped from the beginning. On Monday, November 7th, Taggart said: "Indiana is, reliably Democratic." On the night of Tuesday, November 8th, he telegraphed to Mr. Cortelyou: "Accept congratulations." The last of Taggart!

In those Western States in which women vote they exercised the right of the ballot more generally than ever before. They were strongly for Roosevelt. In fact, one of the notable features of a struggle crowded with surprises was the popularity of the President with both sexes and all classes and conditions of people. Candidates as a rule draw the bulk of their support from one class or another. President Roosevelt's support came from every class. Men and women of all creeds, racial antecedents, and occupations regard him as the typical American, as the man who has been President of all the people. In States where woman suffrage prevails he had practically the united support of all the female suffragists. His triumph was a magnificent tribute from people of every class.

Most of the harsh things said about the President before the election were uttered in the State of New York. Determined, if that were possible, to carry his own State against him, the opponents of the President were vehement and constant in their accusations. But New York State was not affected by the charges—certainly not against the President. Its people raised a towering Roosevelt majority, which will remain for years as one of the most significant ever recorded in American politics. It is not wise to talk against a man where he is best known. The magnificence of New York's tribute to the President is due to the people's belief in his honesty of intention and courage of action.

Mr. Roosevelt's tremendous popularity carried along with him in New York the Republican State

ticket to a sweeping victory, and also secured more than a two-thirds majority in the Legislature. This is a result of more than State importance. New York is about to begin work on its \$101,000,000 barge canal, along which the produce of the West is to go to the seaboard. It is important that this great work be in the hands of men who appreciate its tremendous value and the need for its early completion.

The fact that Brooklyn "went for Roosevelt" is seized upon by Tammany opponents of "Pat" McCarran as a reason for putting him out of the business of leadership. It is not improbable that Tammany helped to bring about this result. McCarran, however, did not make a much worse showing than did Murphy, the leader of Tammany. The latter, a week before election, boasted that Parker would have more than 140,000 plurality in greater New York. This estimate was more than 100,000 in excess of the actual figures. Murphy had more money than a Tammany leader ever had before in a national election, and made no better showing than was made for Bryan four years ago, when scarcely any effort was put forth. If McCarran is inadequate for his leadership, Murphy is much more so. Tammany will go from bad to worse so long as he sits at the head of the table.

People who reason superficially and jump at conclusions speak of the election of Governor Douglas of Massachusetts as a triumph of labor unionism. The labor-union question had little to do with the election of Douglas. The commercial and other interests of Massachusetts have recently been exercised about reciprocity with Canada. Notable advocates of reciprocity are numerous in the Republican party. Mr. Douglas has strongly championed the movement. Many thousands of Republicans voted for him as a way of serving notice on the Republican leaders that they must take up the question of reciprocity. An instance which shows that the people are tiring of the political labor agitators was afforded by the Sixteenth Assembly district of New York City, in which one Prince, for several years a Tammany labor politician, was defeated, after having held the office of assemblyman for three years, although no canvass was made of the district against him. It was a case where the people took the matter in their own hands.

Some New York counties made phenomenal records. Chief among them stands Rensselaer, which, under the leadership of ex-Governor Frank S. Black, surpassed all others. Rensselaer, in the past, regularly turned in the heaviest Democratic majorities. In 1893, when Maynard was overwhelmingly defeated, only four counties in the State giving him a plurality, Rensselaer was the star of Democracy's hope, recording for Maynard 6,000 majority. Ex-Governor Black came to the front immediately afterward, and under his brilliant and intrepid leadership the county took its place on the Republican side, and has been constantly increasing its Republican majorities ever since. This year Roosevelt's plurality is 5,100. No other county shows anything like an equal percentage of gain. Mention may be made here of two other counties, Monroe and Westchester. The former, under the aggressive leadership of George W. Aldridge, gave 14,000 majority for Roosevelt, a figure distancing all previous records. Westchester County, formerly strongly Democratic, now, under the guidance of William L. Ward, has taken its place permanently on the Republican side. Its Roosevelt majority was 6,000. The result in Westchester justifies the selection of Mr. Ward as New York State's representative on the Republican national committee. His influence and industry were distinctly felt in all directions throughout the campaign.

A big share of glory falls to Collector Stone, of Baltimore. All through the campaign Maryland was conceded by the Republican managers to the Democrats. Collector Stone would concede nothing. He led the Republican forces, and made the most gallant up-hill fight made anywhere in the country, and seems to have brought the State into the Republican line by a hair's breadth. He was a precious stone for the Republicans—a diamond of the first water.

All honor to the veteran Senator Platt for the conspicuous part he took in the election of Governor Higgins. It is no easy task to send out 35,000 letters to personal friends, urging their special support for a gubernatorial candidate. And who is there in this State, besides our stalwart and well-experienced senior Senator, who has 35,000 personal friends in the State of New York upon whom to exert his potent influence?

### American Woods Sell Well in Germany.

IN SPITE of the fact of over two million cubic metres of American black walnut having passed the port of Hamburg in 1903, the supply of this particular kind of wood, so very generally used for veneering, does not fill the demand. The price of Virginia whitewood is rising, owing to the demand. Sales of pitch-pine are also steadily increasing, and it seems as though the Germans, at last accustomed to this cheap wood, were going to use it more and more. American cedar is in great request, being used for the finer kind of parlor furniture, not to mention the regular and steadily increasing requirement for pencil manufacture.



# An American Woman Tells How and Where the Japanese Pray

By Eleanor Franklin, our special correspondent in Japan

YOKOHAMA, October 25th, 1904.

"*NAMU AMIDA Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu!*"

The shaven monk, sitting flat upon his heels before the gilded altar of Chion-in, beating a steady tump-tump upon a fantastic hollow wooden drum of many colors, chanted this invocation monotonously with eyes half closed in languorous meditation.

"*Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu!*" His thin, quavering voice floated, half hesitant, upon the echoing silence of the vast pillared interior of the wonderful old temple, empty, save for him and me. I stood close behind him, leaning against one of the massive cedar columns, meditating in silence; he sat there like a Buddha come to Lotos Land, heeding me not, meditating upon things beyond my feeble reach, perhaps; meditating in the accentuated silence behind the ceaseless rise and fall of his own weird, monotonous chant: "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" ("Glory to the Eternal Buddha!")

The altar lights sputtered in the soft breeze that swept in from the great garden, and anon the thousand and one thin gold pendants, decorating the elaborate altar lamps and votive offerings, jingled together with a ghostly sound, as if the great gilded bronze image of Amida Buddha in the shadowy recess were vouchsafing response to this untiring devotion. A sweet but nauseous odor of burning incense rose in puffing clouds from the great carved bronze jar at the temple entrance, destroying the fragrant breath of early summer wafting up from the blossoming iris pools and azalea beds in the garden. "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" Glory to the Eternal Buddha!

This, then, is the way to the Pure Land, this tireless repetition of a potent name: "*Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu!*" Time was, when the Holy Path was long and difficult—and for some good Buddhists it is so still—but to the faithful in faith of the Jo-do Shu it is simply this and nothing more: "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" as often as the lips have time to frame the magic prayer.

To go well behind the Jo-do Shu one must needs write the endless history of Buddhism; go back through millenniums, groping in impenetrable darkness, and trace the development of the vast Sacred Canon of Buddhist Law. One must realize and be able to express the endlessness of the "Noble Eight-fold Path of Learning," through which the followers of Guatama plodded the upward way to Nirvana. One must comprehend, in a single sweep of thought, the enormity of the labor required for the mastery of the five thousand volumes of the Tripitaka, without a knowledge of which no Buddhist of old could hope for deliverance from this Path of Pain, this awful cycle of birth and death to birth and death again. A religious study of the whole canon, together with the practice of rigid asceticism and profound meditation, was necessary to such deliverance, and is still, according to the teachings of some Buddhist sects; but back at the beginning of the Christian Era an Indian missionary to China, in translating one of the great Sutras, had miraculously revealed to him the simple necessity of perfect faith in the all-saving power of Amida Buddha, the Deity of Boundless Light, who dwells in the Western paradise.

Near the end of the Sutra the Buddha says: "Let not one's voice cease, but ten times complete the thought and repeat the formula of the adoration of Amida." And with this revelation began, the Jo-do Shu, the way to the Pure Land, through which the simplest-hearted, faithful in faith, may hope for deliverance from earth life. But at this time the Great Religion had not crossed the seas to Japan, and it was not until the middle of the twelfth century that Enko Daishi, who was to sound the depths of this blessed revelation and open the way to the Pure Land for Japanese, was born in the province of Mimasaka, on the mainland of the little island empire.

"At the age of nine," writes Professor Chamberlain, "he was entered as a pupil at a seminary in his native province; but his teacher, recognizing his exceptional powers, sent him up to the great monastery on Hiei-zan in 1147, with a letter containing these words: 'I send you an image of the great sage, Monju.' On the



GRACEFUL ROOF OF THE MONASTERY AT CHION-IN, THE FAMOUS BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

letter being presented, the priest to whom it was addressed asked where the image was, and was much astonished when the child alone stood before him. But the young novice soon justified the implied estimate of his great intellectual powers, and made such rapid progress in his studies that at the end of the same year he was judged fit to be admitted to the priesthood."

Now, this "Pathfinder to the Pure Land" became a great man, the spiritual adviser of emperors, and was in the way to acquire the headship of the great Tendai sect, in the priesthood of which he was educated; but he preferred to continue his profound study of theology, and in reading and re-reading the Tripitaka and meditating upon the difficulties that beset the Buddhist path to deliverance he came upon this passage: "Chiefly remember or repeat the name of Amida with an individual heart!"

This, then, was enough. Enough to open the gates to the Pure Land without the weary toil of years, which few people had the means or the mind to even embark upon. This great Japanese priest, after receiving this wonderful gift of enlightenment, abandoned all his former beliefs, his studies, and his practices, and set himself to repeat the invocation to Amida Buddha sixty thousand times a day, adjuring his followers, who soon became very numerous, to do likewise. Through a long life he taught the way to the Pure Land to eager listeners, who were only too glad to accept a doctrine by which they could be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease"; and the year before he died, in 1211, he founded this great temple of Chion-in, with its adjoining enormous monasteries, and he lies now on the slope of the hill, under giant cryptomerias, within sound of the chanting priests in the temple that is his proud monument—the temple that was destined to become the fountain-head of one of the strongest Buddhist sects in all the world. "*Namu Amida Butsu!*" Glory to the Eternal Buddha!

Chion-in! I wonder if the sweet, haunting memory of it will ever leave me to rest content in any place where I may not breathe its peace-laden air. I wonder if a springtime will ever come when I shall not feel an almost irresistible longing to walk beside its iris pools and hear the deep-toned, sonorous evening prayer rung upon its ancient giant bronze bell, low-hung in a dolphin-crowned tower on the hilltop under the rustling pines. I wonder if my heart will ever cease to thrill with the memories of the hours I have spent in its sweet seclusion, listening to the chant of the tireless priests, myself seeking a knowledge of the way to the Pure Land—not the Pure Land of the far-Western paradise, out of the awful cycle of earth life, but the pure land of unselfish contentment, free from the pain of yearning toward the unattainable.

I wonder when the damp earth odors from the hills and sweet garden will leave my nostrils; when my ears will forget the soothing sound of the drip-drip of holy water from the petals of the great bronze lotus-flower beside the temple steps, or forget to listen for the singing of the soft-feathered *uguisu* in the great trees overhead; when my eyes will forget the beauty of the long, sweeping monastery roof-line, and the carved splendor of its upturned eaves; when I shall cease to remember the peace-breathing loveliness of that whole templed hillside!

This glorious old palace of god worship was the first thing I saw in the heart of Japan, the first thing shown to me on my initial visit to the ancient capital on the banks of the Kamogawa that has since become my spirit's home. I went back to Kioto and back yet again, drawn irresistibly, and again I shall return before I leave Japan, return if only to wander once more around the old monasteries of Chion-in, to hear once again the evening bells that fill all the green valley with deep, pleading tones of unutterable longing. How well I remember my first delight as we, a little party off the good ship *Gaelic*, rattled up in *kurumas* and stepped down in the long afternoon shadow cast by the colossal gateway of Chion-in. It is a wonderful two-story structure, and the second floor, supported by huge cedar pillars that must have graced a giant forest away back in the fourteenth century, contains great gilded images of Shaka-Muni, and of many *Rakkna*, or holy disciples of Buddha.

From the ancient pillared grandeur of this gateway one looks up a long, broad flight of steps leading to the court of the temple, but one doesn't necessarily ascend this way. The unguided stranger would, of course, not knowing that just a step away, past a little lotus pond and over a tiny stone bridge, is another, winding gently upward among the trees and coming at last, through a narrow vista in the dense wood, out into the broad, open court of the magnificent main temple. Long before one has climbed the distance, stopping to listen, one may hear, floating out upon the air, the monotonous chant of the priests and the tump-tump of the little muffled mallet on the grotesque wooden drum. "*Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu!*"

At the end of the main temple, on the brink of an iris pool, is the library, double-roofed and gracefully light as any dream of Oriental architecture, containing a full set of all the Buddhist scriptures, together, I believe, with all the Confucian classics. In front of the great revolving book-case, and strangely out of place, it seems to me, smiling at the visitor through a barred wooden door, sits a statue of Confucius, attended by his two laughing minions, whose rollicking attitude seems to say: "To the shades of night with your profound learning and deep meditation upon a life to come. We are for the Eternal Now, and our religion is to scoff!"

Entering the main temple, one's eyes are dazzled by the glittering beauty of the gorgeous altar before which the chanting priest sits motionless; then one's senses are lulled by the quiet magnificence of the lofty edifice, its pillars of polished wood upholding a ceiling marvelous in its intricate construction, and soft as summer eventide in its colorings. At one side of the main altar is a smaller but little less ornate one, containing the *ihai*, or memorial tablets, of the Tokugawa Shoguns and their families, to whose enthusiastic support the temple owes much of its grandeur and the Jo-do Shu much of its strength throughout Japan. It is interesting to see the worshipers come, in tiptoed silence, to kneel with foreheads on the floor, before the altar of these "departed spirits." Serene Amida Buddha is not a jealous god.

Following an impulse to penetrate interiors, one wanders along the narrow balcony built all around this great main temple to find at the back a covered bridge-way leading across a narrow strip of garden to the monasteries. Seeing a brown-robed priest at the farther end, one proceeds without fear, stopping to listen, however, to the creaking of the floor, which sounds exactly like the caroling of a whole forest of *uguisu*, the Japanese nightingale. In fact, this is called

Continued on page 500.



HUGE STONE LANTERN IN THE COURT OF CHION-IN.



BUDDHIST PILGRIM IN FRONT OF CHION-IN.



STATUE OF BUDDHA IN THE GARDEN OF CHION-IN.





NORTON, THE LITTLE QUARTER-BACK, WHOSE GREAT PLAYING WON THE GAME FROM PRINCETON.



WOODWORTH, CENTRE, AT PRACTICE, PASSING BACK FOR A KICK.



DECKER, HALF-BACK, ONE OF THE STARS OF THE TEAM.



PAUL DABHIELL (WITH THE BALL) COACHING THE PLAYERS IN QUICK STARTING.



CHAMBERLIN COACHING THE TEAM IN TACKLES, BOXING, AND BREAKING THROUGH.  
1. Bogert, c. 2. Smith, r. g. 3. Captain Farley, l. t. 4. Piersol, r. t. 5. McKinney, l. t. 6. Welsh, l. t.  
7. Chambers, r. t. 8. McCarthy, c. 9. Chamberlin, c.



MEMBERS OF THE TEAM PRACTICING THE "PASSING-BACK" PLAY.  
Left to right: Woodworth, centre; Wilcox, quarter-back; Ensign Long, coach; McClintic, centre.



COACH MURPHY (WITH SLOUCH HAT) INSTRUCTING THE QUARTER-BACK OF THE "HUSTLERS," THE SECOND TEAM.



SPENCER, FULL-BACK, TALKING ON THE FIELD WITH SURGEON BOGERT, THE ACADEMY'S PHYSICAL-TRAINING DIRECTOR.



COACH OLCOTT (IN FOREGROUND) TRAINING THE PLAYERS IN SIGNAL WORK.

### FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

CRACK PLAYERS WHO DEFEATED THE PRINCETON TEAM SEEN IN ACTIVE PLAY ON THE FIELD AT ANNAPOLIS.

Photographed by Mrs. C. R. Miller.



## An Eye-witness's Story of the World's Fiercest Fight Horrors of the Struggle Around Liao-yang

By William Dinwiddie, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



PANORAMIC VIEW OF LIAO-YANG, LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL GUARDS' LAST POSITION IN THE GREAT BATTLE—CROSSES AND NUMBERS INDICATE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY, AND THE LONG WHITE LINE THE GENERAL RUSSIAN POSITION OF DEFENSE ABOVE LIAO-YANG AND NORTH OF THE RIVER.—Dinwiddie.

Continued from November 17th.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, September 15th, 1904.

A HOWLING WIND had sprung out of the east, and, as it increased to a gale, the sound of all firing was muffled until the scene before us became a great battle in pantomime. Only the artillery to our right and rear could we hear, as it shelled furiously at a new menace to our right—a Russian battery which had developed itself almost on our right flank, and held position on the side of the sloping ridge which formed one side of the narrow valley through which the main road to Liao-yang passed. The Russian battery seemed unable to find the range, and most of its shells fell two hundred yards short, while its lost brother with the Japanese proved to be a veritable Cain, by placing showers of shrapnel directly over its position.

At three-thirty in the afternoon the Japanese suddenly charged the small Russian trench and took it. For several hours we had seen no soldiers on either side, though the kicking up of the dust on the trenches of the enemy and the hasty works of the Japanese indicated that the fight raged; but now, as if emerging from the ground, fifty soldiers were scrambling up the slope, stumbling, slipping, falling, but getting nearer all the time, until finally they plumped down into the ditch and out of sight. The earthwork was empty, and the horror of this fruitless capture was that the enemy had played them a trick. Two hundred yards away from this trench were long lines of well-built and sodded trenches, filled, shoulder to shoulder, with Russian riflemen. They pelted the supports to the detachment which held the trench, and forced them to dig pits in the sides of their ravines, every one of which seemed to be enfiladed by the remorseless "zeet" of bullets; and they bore down the battalions hugging the long line of hasty intrenchments with such sheets of nickel-cased pellets that not a man might move without being wounded. The Japanese artillery seemingly dared not fire upon the Russian trenches from which the fiercest fusillade came, because of the proximity of their own helpless soldiers.

But the crowning horror of it all came that night, when darkness fell. The Japanese hung grimly to their cover, trusting confidently that nightfall would see them relieved. Exhausted by seven days' constant marching and fighting, many of them slept in cramped positions behind scanty shelter, to be awakened sometimes—though some were sent to their last sleep—by the burning pain of a red-hot bullet. When the evening shades and the black-clouded sky had blurred the landscape into obscurity, the stiffened battalions rose and shoved forward on the run, even though the terrific small-arm fire had not slackened. They ran into deep gulches and scrambled out again, but always onward they pressed. Men flung away their guns and spun round on the dim sky-line, with outstretched, groping hands, before they collapsed limply on the ground. Others fell, crushing their rifles beneath them, with glazed eyes glaring at the line of sputtering sparks ahead, like an electric wire run amuck in a metropolis on a windy, rainy night. The living did not stop for wounded or dead; they were sprinting to re-enforce that valiant fifty, who now lay prostrate on the crown of their hill, blazing away into that devil's dance of fire which ran along the forward hillside, hither and thither, yet always at the same level.

They had won. Valor had overcome might, and the sparkling, crackling line was blotted out in the darkness. What was left of the re-enforcements panted heavily up the hill behind their comrades, and then, without warning, a frightful catastrophe overtook them all. The Russians making a counter attack in force, swept over the Japanese like a cruel avalanche and bore them, bleeding and dying, into the valley below. Headquarters explained officially, next day, that they had withdrawn their men from a dangerous position because the second division had not come up to its predetermined location five miles away on our right. Two days after, when we got back to that position, the writer saw a trench literally filled with dead Japanese—brave, gallant fellows who had died trying to stem the overpowering tide of battle. Several officers asked him to believe that the Russians had taken time to brutally stone some of the wounded to death, but there was not an iota of evidence, in the nature of crushed skulls or bruised bodies, to lend color to the assertion.

During this day the Second and Fourth armies had not been able to secure the slightest advantage, though

one or two desperate charges were made to the very edge of the entanglement pits. In the main, the fighting was a tremendous artillery duel, each side using not only some twenty-odd batteries of field guns, but heavy artillery as well. The writer could never locate the Russians' heavy guns, firing five-inch shrapnel and common shell, though a deep-throated booming seemed to come from some point north of the river and near the railroad. The twelfth division of Kuropatkin's army, on our extreme right, which was expected—with the assistance of the second division to its left and our right—to make the great flanking movement which was to mutilate and cut off Kuropatkin's forces in their retreat from Liao-yang, already had its hands full, we were told, and, though it had crossed to the right bank of the river nine miles above us, it was barely holding its position against the great Russian opposition. Kuropatkin had fathomed the intention of the Japanese and was preparing to frustrate it.

Several times during the day a Russian military balloon near the railroad station ascended to a height of six or seven hundred feet, but did not stay up very long at any one time, possibly owing to the high wind which was blowing. In the afternoon it left the railroad station and came toward the Guards' lines, stopping at a Chinese village, where, soon after, a fierce, hot conflagration broke out, and then it returned to the railway, where it was hauled down close to the ground. Russian transport carts were coming from the north and crossing the farthest pontoon bridge into Liao-yang all day long. The majority of the railroad trains went north, but several crossed to the city. Only small bodies of troops were seen moving north of the river. In the late afternoon the fires had increased to half a dozen, and the destruction of stores was in full progress.

August 31st.—No rest. No sleep. Shrapnel let loose in the darkness, bursting like a meteor in the air, its pale, wicked light faintly setting aglow, in instantaneous flashes, small patches of hillsides and cornfields. At two A. M. the Russians began a counter attack, and, in the now quiet air, no giant rail-mill, with its rolls and trip-hammers, roaring blast-furnaces and steel saws screeching through hot iron, ever reached the climax of sound rising from this midnight battle-field. So far as the Guards were concerned, it was Asada's brigade which was assailed for two hours, but the main attack was directed against the Fourth Army, lying to their left, which, at nightfall, had made contact with the Guards division.

All night long the Imperial Guards worked in relays, throwing up and strengthening their main line of defenses. When not urged on, men fell asleep in a moment. The soldiers were beginning to remind one of the cyclist who rides hour after hour and day after day, until the torture of the physical strain has unhinged his mind, and he automatically struggles on, dimly conscious that he was set to do some Herculean task in which he must not fail. However, let it be noted that this marvelous Japanese soldier marched and fought and fought and marched, not only for seven days, but for eight days more, sleeping whenever his officers would let him lie down. With his national smile slightly less in evidence, with sunken eyes and haggard cheeks, he was game and uncomplaining to the very last.

Daylight of August 31st came in with a leaden sky, the valley hung thick in mists, which gathered and rolled over the dozens of little villages nestled in their surrounding groves of green trees. As the fogs rose higher and swept away, the areas of shrapnel fire before the Fourth Army certainly seemed to have changed position, as if the Japanese had been driven back about a mile by the night attack. A foreign *attaché* with the Second Army afterward told me that this was true, though no official acknowledgment was made of the fact, and that the retrograde movement was so pronounced that, for a while, it seemed that the Russians might threaten the right wing of the Second Army. However, early in the day the Fourth Army recovered its lost ground by a desperate charge.

The great battle of this day was with the Second and Fourth armies. General Oku had sent a strong force out into the swampy plain to the westward of the railroad, and was flanking the Russians on this side, driving them in to the railroad, where they clung tenaciously the rest of the day, inflicting heavy losses upon the attacking Japanese force from the cover of the railway embankment. The Russian artillery on Gibrat-

tar hill was also faced about on this flanking column, and did considerable execution. The Fourth Army, during the day, equaled, if it did not surpass, any previous record, in the battles of the world, for sustained daring and courage in the face of fearful losses. No less than five times did they charge the enemy's lines, and four times they were repulsed. Battalions were annihilated; one company, nearly three hundred strong, came back with sixteen men. Out of forty-five engineers sent in to cut the wire entanglements away, only one returned.

Grant Wallace, a correspondent of a certain San Francisco paper, was the only foreigner who was an eye-witness of that fearful carnage, and he was there by breaking away from his official chaperon of the Second Army. For three days he stayed with this army, practically without sleep and with little food, and after the evacuation of Liao-yang he returned to the railroad, a physical wreck. Close along the line of entanglements Mr. Wallace counted over twelve hundred Japanese dead. So thick were their bodies strewn over the ground that he could have walked on the dead for hundreds of yards without ever touching foot to ground.

The man who says the Japanese have lost their power of attack, after this exhibition on the part of the Fourth Army, wants to add a qualification to that statement—that the failure in attack is from no lack of dash, bravery, and willingness to give up life for country on the part of the Japanese, but that the Russian trenches before Liao-yang were so strong that human flesh and blood could not take them so long as the defenders remained to shoot. One readily forgives the official statement that at one o'clock the next morning the men of the Fourth Army were able, on their final charge, to repulse the enemy and take the trenches. It is true that they did take the trenches at 1 A. M., but at sunset the Russians had made a counter attack and hastily withdrawn to their main line in front of Liao-yang. Not only did they withdraw from this position, but along the entire lines of their advance positions. A movement certainly demanded on Kuropatkin's part, in view of the menacing activities of the enemy well around both of his flanks.

At daylight on August 31st Watanabe's brigade was hugging the main line of trenches once more. The reserves had been rushed up during the night and filled every ravine to the rear of the firing-line. Poor chaps! they were tired out. The men in the earthworks nodded and took cat naps, and under the hill they slumbered everywhere, their snores receiving a momentary check, as clouds of shrapnel screamed past, and then augmenting in volume once more. There were men who did not sleep, but sat on rocky ledges, writing away for dear life in their little note-books, or rapidly painting thin sheets of paper full of perpendicular lines of characters—letters for the people at home. Still other men carefully cleaned their guns. That a severe counter attack from the enemy was anticipated was evidenced by the fact that every man was carrying two hundred rounds of extra ammunition done up in a bundle. No attack came at daylight, and Watanabe's men began to creep down the valley to the right.

Our left-hand brigade—Asada's—was at it, fast and furious, and the roll of small arms rose higher and higher as the Japanese firing-lines pushed closer and closer in toward the Russian positions on the low hills. They were going to flank the enemy from the left, if possible, so as to drive him out of the high peaks on the right, which were impossible to take by frontal attack. All day long the Japanese infantry swayed back and forth—now repulsed, now rushing valiantly forward. The hills and ravines held by the infantrymen were a sheet of shrapnel smoke, as every available Russian cannon was turned loose to stop these rushes. It must have been a veritable hell for some of the battalions underneath, for one Russian battery in full action literally sowed a section of land two hundred yards square with death-dealing fragments, as the shrapnel burst in flocks at the rate of sixty or seventy a minute. We counted forty-eight Russian guns in action against the Guards' lines at once. The Japanese batteries did not seem to be able to silence them for more than a few minutes at a time, though they appeared to be placing their projectiles with great accuracy.

Our pet artillery lieutenant, dancing with excitement, exclaimed, as he toiled up to the crest where we sat: "We have discovered the enemy down in that





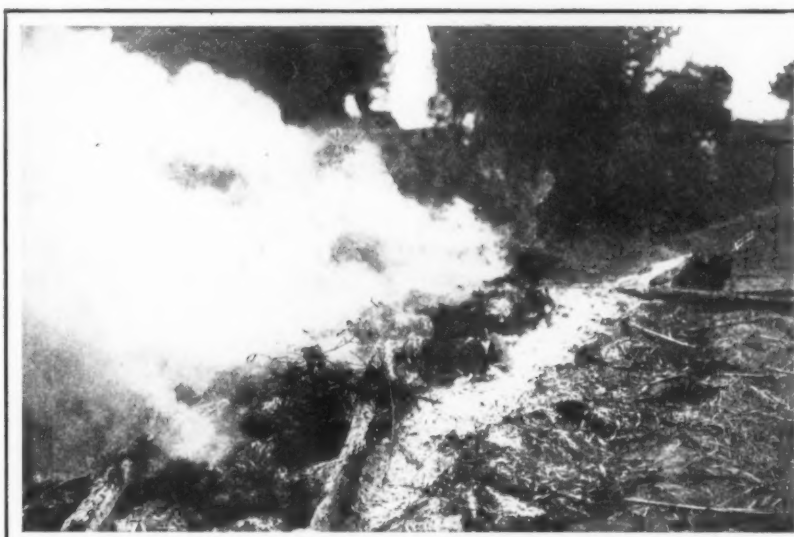
CHINESE SCAVENGERS GATHERING EMPTY CARTRIDGES AND CLIPS IN ABANDONED RUSSIAN TRENCHES.



JAPANESE MARCHING TO OCCUPY DESERTED TRENCHES IN THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE POSITION SOME DISTANCE FROM LIAO-YANG.



RUSSIAN GRAVES MARKED WITH CROSSES ON THE LIAO-YANG BATTLE-FIELD.



CREMATING THE BODIES OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS—ONE OF HUNDREDS OF SUCH FIRES ON THE LIAO-YANG PLAIN.



TYPE OF FIELD EARTHWORK CONSTRUCTED BEFORE LIAO-YANG BY THE RUSSIANS.



TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CAPTURED AT LIAO-YANG BY THE JAPANESE.



RAILROAD STATION NEAR LIAO-YANG SHATTERED BY SHELLS HURLED FROM THE JAPANESE GUNS.



EXHAUSTED JAPANESE ASLEEP ON THE ROCKS BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE.

### WHERE MIGHTY ARMIES MET IN FURIOUS CONFLICT.

GRIM TRACES OF THE WORLD'S FIERCEST BATTLE ON THE MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS NEAR LIAO-YANG.

*Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by William Dimwiddie, our special correspondent in the field. See opposite page.*



valley. There is a regiment there, and we are going to shell them by indirection. I am to report to my commander the harm we do." Bang! went one of the captured Russian cannon, and, as the air swallowed itself in gasps of fright at the passing shell, we gazed into the narrow defile through which the main road ran. Before the sound of the exploding shrapnel came back through the forty-five hundred yards of intervening space, we saw through the glasses hundreds of Russians racing pell-mell up the steep slope of the right-hand hill, stopping an instant to look back, and fleeing again, for all the world like a flock of startled sheep. On serious consideration one is amazed at the brutal callousness which permits him to laugh at a thousand men running a race with death. Men, in times of war, however, do laugh heartily at such sights.

It is not half so funny when you are doing the running, and we promptly had an opportunity to test the difference in sensation. As the Russians hustled over the landscape, under several volleys of shrapnel, their own battery behind them broke loose, seeking to destroy the bunch of craning spectators on the hillside. One instant our group was composed of five military *attachés*, two newspaper men, and some Japanese officers; the next, and there was nothing collective about us, so far as the newsmen were concerned. I have the greatest sympathy for the *attachés*, whose high rank and dignity do not permit them to accelerate their steps. Thank goodness! I am only a common mortal. For the rest of the day our mountain was a very uncomfortable spot,

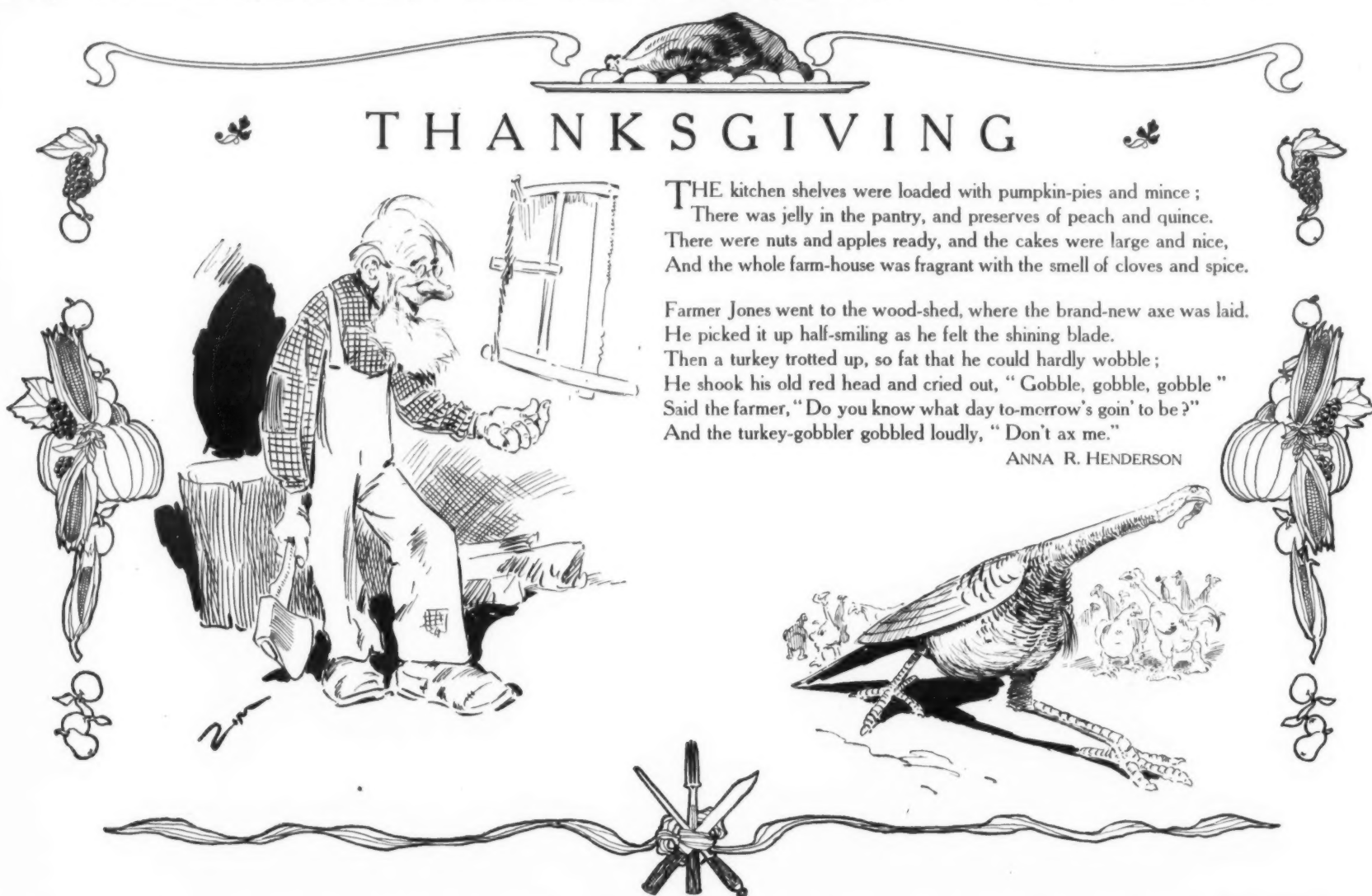
this direction told how heavily they were engaged. We heard a rumor that the twelfth division—still farther to the north—was having a tremendous battle; also that a shrapnel had burst within six feet of General Hasegawa, commander of the Guards, who occupied an elevation half a mile away from us, and had killed Viscount Nagaoka, the personal friend of the imperial prince with this division. Darkness fell. A dreadful uproar at eight P. M., and then a general silence seemed to have taken possession of the immense field of battle. After days of pulsing sound the silence was weird and foreboding. Nerves keyed high for sudden attack were strained afresh at this abrupt change in conditions. Nothing happened until after midnight, when the Second and Fourth armies charged the deserted trenches of the Russians.

September 1st.—Marquis Saigo, the military chaperon for the foreign *attachés* with the Guards, solemnly assured his charges, as they sat straining their eyes through field-glasses in the uncertain light of early morning, that the situation had not changed in the least from that of the previous day. Not a shot was being fired, and Saigo chewed his cigarette and looked nonchalant, while German and French and Swiss and English and American—in varying degrees of excitement, as becomes their respective nationalities—discussed the amazing situation. The Swiss bellowed: "There are the Japanese on the Russian trenches; I can see their flag!" It was true, but Saigo smilingly insisted that we were all mistaken; that the bunch of men in khaki, sitting massed below the trench, were Russians. Without the blink of an eyelash or a blush

completed the scene of the recent Russian activities.

The Second and Fourth armies and the Guards division advanced very slowly. All day was required for them to get into the new positions and construct new trenches and gun emplacements. The enemy had withdrawn on their inner line of defenses before Liao-yang. The Second Army, far on the left, made contact with the Russians about three in the afternoon, and the Fourth Army's scouts began drawing their fire a little later. The Russians were steadily moving supplies over the river all day. As we went into camp at dusk, making for the Chinese village of Jakake—lying directly under the evacuated Russian position—we had the misfortune to bump into the staff officer in charge of transportation, who informed us that a house had been put at our disposal. So John and Yobo and the two pack-animals and the two correspondents were all hustled into the stone-walled compound of the finest house in town, and the big wooden gates were barred behind them.

About midnight, as the correspondents were dreaming of daring methods of escape, a frightful banging arose at the outer gates, and a few minutes afterward five military *attachés* and Marquis Saigo appeared. With stern self-repression we kept from laughing, for never were there five more utterly bedraggled, worn-out, hungry, and withal outraged "distinguished military experts" than these. Saigo, who is not allowed to carry the Japanese military map (stolen from the Russians) for fear he might show it to the *attachés*, though every sergeant with the army has one, had chased them around in circles for six hours since sunset, in a vain endeavor to



THE kitchen shelves were loaded with pumpkin-pies and mince;  
There was jelly in the pantry, and preserves of peach and quince.  
There were nuts and apples ready, and the cakes were large and nice,  
And the whole farm-house was fragrant with the smell of cloves and spice.

Farmer Jones went to the wood-shed, where the brand-new axe was laid.  
He picked it up half-smiling as he felt the shining blade.  
Then a turkey trotted up, so fat that he could hardly wobble;  
He shook his old red head and cried out, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"  
Said the farmer, "Do you know what day to-morrow's goin' to be?"  
And the turkey-gobbler gobbled loudly, "Don't ax me."

ANNA R. HENDERSON

as the enemy enfiladed us with shells from the right, and when we took cover under the left end we faced several more batteries. Later the fury of the fire subsided, and my companion took a nap while I scanned the horizon. Some Russian artillerist must have taken my white helmet for that of a commander-in-chief, for he neatly placed a shell just twenty feet in front of me; but the most surprising part of the adventure was the expedition with which my soundly-sleeping associate woke up and traveled for cover on the back-side of a perilously steep mountain.

During the entire day the transport wagons were leaving Liao-yang; they were passing off the end of the pontoon bridge at the rate of twelve a minute—about seven hundred an hour—so that for the day five or six thousand wagons must have gone north; and, as they were seen to be already moving at daylight and were still going on at dusk, the entire transportation out of Liao-yang in twenty-four hours may have been two or three times this number of wagons. At the railroad station the lines of cars were thinning out, and long trains puffed slowly over the big bridge. The balloon went up several times, and then, in the late afternoon, came down at the station and was deflated. Headquarters was retiring.

During the entire day it was not evident—from the areas of shrapnel fire—that the Japanese had gained any advantage anywhere along the miles of lines. The second division of Kuroki's army, however, had increased its artillery fire, and the hills over the river to our right and north were now thickly covered with their missiles, while the continuous muffled roar from

of shame he reiterated this statement, after we had seen three other detachments move on to different hills and break out the colors of the Rising Sun.

His tactics were probably delaying ones, suggested by headquarters, and he was doing some heavy thinking. He had solved the problem; slowly he rose to his feet and said, "We will go to headquarters." An inspiration that, for, not knowing the location of headquarters, he could certainly delay the guests of the army another two or three hours, until the dead were buried and every cartridge-shell, clip, and box had been gathered up from the Russian trenches by the thrifty Chinese scavengers. The correspondents had photographs to make around the shoulder of the hill, and, once out of sight, dug for their horses in the ravine below and were off down the road; half an hour later they were toiling over the old Russian position with the advance guard.

The Russians left no dead behind. Some of the trenches were spattered with blood, and some showed crimson circles, dry on the edges and damp in the centre, which told where men had died from fearful wounds. Blood-smeared first-aid bandages, and hundreds of coverings of bandages at the dressing-stations behind the hills, indicated that there had been many losses. Caps, shoulder-straps, wooden canteens, shirts, and underwear, torn off to get at wounds, were found everywhere. Fragments of brown bread and beef bones, half-eaten ears of corn, and bullet-proof Chinese apples, scraps of letters, intrenching tools here and there, unused boxes of ammunition, the stock of a broken gun, and an atmosphere sour-scented and vile,

find the village. Our cook made them tea, and we went to sleep with big-voiced Switzerland insisting that his boy cook him more rice.

September 2d.—When day broke there was not the sound of a gun anywhere, and it was seven o'clock before the battle opened. We went in first on the left, where Asada's brigade had been the day before, but found not a single soldier. The Guards were all moving north by the right flank, for a mile or so, to make way for the tenth division of the Fourth Army, which was coming forward. Returning, we pushed down the main telegraph road, with our servants and pack-animals, and in the defile, where the road debouches upon the great plain, we struck the headquarters staff and beat a hasty retreat into the thicket behind some houses. Half an hour later, seated on the summit of the foremost hill, we looked upon a wonderful panorama. Liao-yang lay almost due west, four and a half miles away. The river, seemingly broadening, came toward us and turned in a wide sweep northward at the foot of our hill. The spur-ridge on the south, reaching out to the railroad, was already overhung with hundreds of bursts of Russian shrapnel, and Japanese batteries were locating, one by one, the ever-flashing eyes of the enemy's guns, lying low in clumps of trees and in the broom-corn fields.

To our amazement, at ten o'clock we saw thousands of Russian carts passing into Liao-yang. Later infantry began moving northward over the second pontoon and cavalry southward over a ford. The time which elapsed in these manoeuvres led us to believe that Kuropatkin replaced a division of infantry with

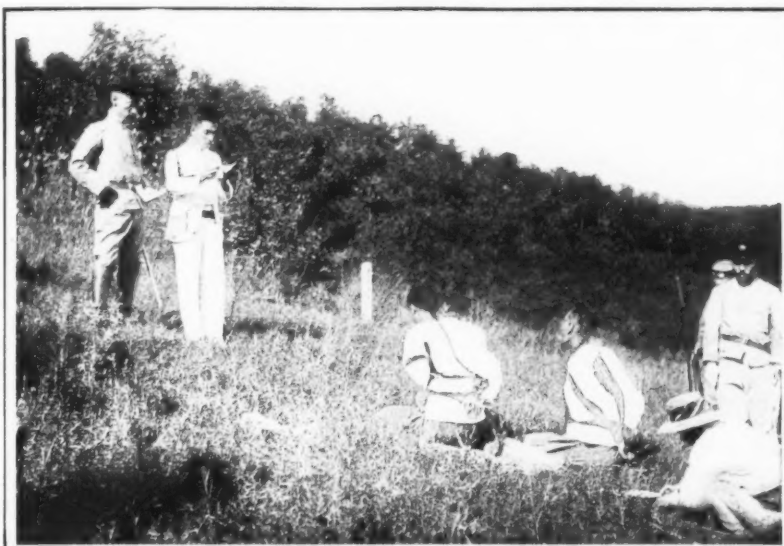




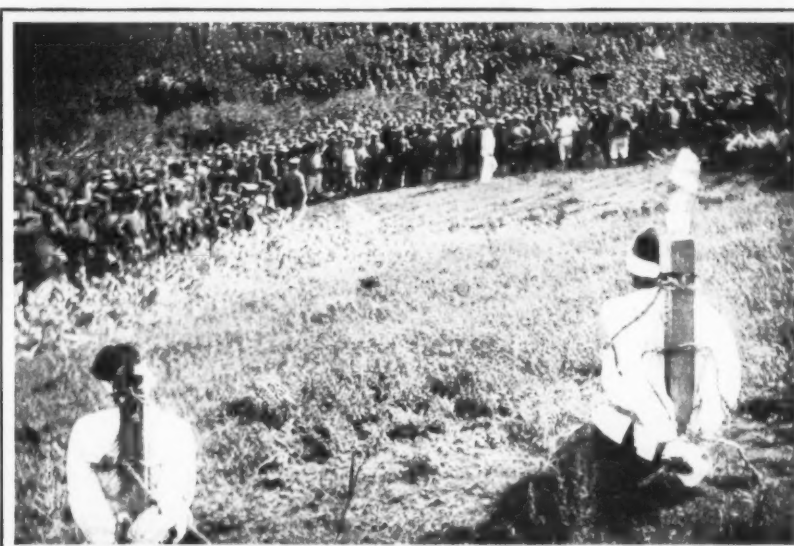
FAMOUS JAPANESE GENERAL KUROKI, WITH HIS FAMILY, AT HIS HOME IN TOKIO BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE WAR.  
Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by T. Ruddiman Johnston, our special artist in Japan.



VICE-ADMIRAL KAMIMURA, WHO DEFEATED THE VLADI-VOSTOK SQUADRON, AT HOME IN JAPAN.—Johnston.



JAPANESE OFFICER READING THE DEATH SENTENCE OF TWO CHINESE SPIES CAPTURED IN MANCHURIA.—Johnston.



CONDEMNED CHINESE SPIES BOUND TO STAKES AND ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.—Johnston.



RUSSIAN CONTACT MINE WHICH FLOATED FROM THE ENTRANCE OF PORT ARTHUR TO PEI-TA-HO, MANY MILES AWAY ON THE CHINESE COAST.—Westendorf.



FLAG-BEARERS AND FRIENDS ESCORTING TO THE RAILROAD STATION AT YOKOHAMA A SOLDIER STARTING FOR THE FRONT.—Mittwer.



REGIMENT OF JAPANESE CAVALRY, BOUND FOR MANCHURIA, GOING ABOARD A TRANSPORT AT NAGASAKI.—Franklin.



INFANTRY AT NAGASAKI, ABOUT TO EMBARK FOR MANCHURIA, LINED UP FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF MAIL.  
Franklin.

LEADING ACTORS AND STRIKING SCENES IN THE PLAY OF WAR.  
TWO OF JAPAN'S HEROIC COMMANDERS, JAPANESE EXECUTING CHINESE SPIES, AND THE MIKADO'S TROOPS  
HASTENING TO THE FRONT.



cavalry. No less than six Russian batteries in action could be counted south of the river and east and south of Liao-yang, and there must have been as many, if not more, to the west, where the Second Army was pushing their flank. This disposition of troops and artillery, with a river at his back, was daring tactics on the part of Kuropatkin, and he must have had great confidence in the ability of his rearward forces to block the extensive flanking movements of his enemy on the east and west. Knowing that he was preparing to retire, many of the military experts believed it would be impossible for him to escape with all his artillery if he delayed longer, and yet he remained for thirty-six hours more, without ever moving a piece of artillery from the south side of the river.

The foremost Russian eight-gun battery in the plain was smothered by Japanese artillery fire at 3 P. M. Geysers of black earth spouted high from their emplacements, as Shimose shell after shell struck them; finer clouds of dust filled the air, caused by the breaking shrapnel, until the position was lost in a haze. It seemed a place where nothing human could survive, and yet from that fog-hung hummock eight spurts of flame broke through, running down the length of the position, from left to right, left to right, with a remorseless persistence and rapidity. Japanese shrapnel was beginning to reach the south wall of the city, and some shells seemed to be bursting among the buildings, though they may have been falling in the Russian concession on the west side. A Russian battery not seen before in action spurted forth flame and dust from a point directly in front of a fine pagoda built on the near corner of the city wall. A great fire in a village north of the river, which had now been burning for three days, suddenly doubled its volume of smoke, which, driven northward in high black columns by the wind, obliterated the landscape.

At four o'clock the Guards completed a battery position to the right of the main road and just without the walls of the defile, and the guns and caissons rumbled down the roadway to go into place. A little later the caissons went back, as the position was considered hazardous, facing, as it did, fifty-six Russian guns just across the river. The enemy had the bend of the river well fortified, and the Japanese spies—who continually travel between the lines, dressed as Chinamen, with half-shaven heads and queues braided in—brought word that three of the battery positions had sixteen guns each, while two others had eight. General Watanabe asked permission to attempt to capture these guns during the night, but his commander refused. It would have been a frightfully hazardous undertaking, in the face of rocky bluffs capped with trenches and of a river, waist-deep, which must be waded for a hundred yards.

Asada's men were now on the plain a mile away, apparently moving toward the river, but actually taking a diagonal line which would bring them to the left end of the Russian trenches, east of Liao-yang, when they reached the river. They ran in little bunches from a Chinese village, over the fields of down-trodden crops, for the patches of standing broom-corn. The Russian artillerymen north of the river saw them and sent a storm of shrapnel over them. We discovered a whole battalion of Japanese infantry in one of the fields of broom-corn left standing by the Russians, and shortly afterward it was heavily shelled. The battalion scattered like partridges, running for the rear, though they stayed to carry out the wounded. Five minutes later this same battalion advanced again on the run, and the small ravines and gullies swallowed them up. The headquarters' observation station was fifty yards away from us, and two young officers, lying on their stomachs with Oriental maps before them, reported every movement on the field of battle by telephone to their commander in the valley. It should be explained that the Japanese have every hill numbered on their large-scale maps for purposes of mutual identification.

At 5:30 P. M. the upper pontoon was filled with transport carts going north, and when darkness came the wagons were still toiling over it in an endless string. Far to the north, apparently about fifteen miles away, heavy cannonading was going on steadily. It was the fire of the twelfth division, which was engaged in a terrific struggle to even hold its own; for during the night urgent requests were made for reinforcements, as they were "hard pressed." Kuropatkin not only stopped Kuroki's flanking movement, but repulsed it several times, and might have won a victory over this division if he had not suddenly been required to withdraw men to protect his left flank, where his forces had retreated under the hammering received from Oku's army.

September 3d.—It was a most troublesome night. Shortly after twelve a terrific night attack began, but it lasted only half an hour. Every battery on the landscape seemed to have been let loose at once, and rifle fire rose and rose in volume until the air quivered with a horrible throbbing. In the darkness all the demons of the nether world seemed to be let loose together, and they howled and shrieked and screamed, rushing through the air, and emitting blinding flashes of greenish-white light, as they sought for human flesh and blood. The frenzied nightmare was over. The Japanese had attacked Liao-yang in force and failed. Still alarmed, the Russian batteries kept up a ragged bombardment until 4 A. M., when once more the fiendish wave of sound arose, as the infantry strained every gun in the attack and defense.

Before sunrise the plain blinked and flashed from end to end, as if a shower of meteors had suddenly been let loose. Long lines of sparkling ripples came from the ground, to be answered by gushing streams

of lightning, like the tapping of a dozen furnaces of molten metal. The infantry of the antagonists were often separated by only a few hundred yards. Japanese soldiers clawed and hacked at wire entanglements, as their fingers stiffened in death upon the barriers. Men pitched headlong into the deep pits without a groan, and, through the huddle of dead, live men crept with grim, sweat-covered faces, ever seeking to remove those cruel wires between them and their enemy's throats. One's heart swells with the horror of it; one suffocates in the thought of the thousands of gallant men who laid down their lives for the sake of country, in this bloody contest.

All the Russian tents just north of the river had disappeared. Eight miles to the north a new camp had sprung up, where certainly a thousand small white tents formed a huge rectangle near the railroad. Some of the Guards and their artillery had been drawn off during the night, and were moving northward to re-enforce the second and twelfth divisions. It was understood that the twelfth had now forced in the Russians from the Yentai coal mines, and the Japanese might yet be successful in throwing a cordon around the retreating Russians, or at least around the force south of the river. It seemed arrant daring for Kuropatkin to endanger his two divisions before Liao-yang a moment longer, and yet he clung to the city through the livelong day, all his batteries still in position, pounding away more and more fiercely as the hours wore on.

The Guards' batteries were all in action now, busily shelling their big Russian opponents across the river. Three-cornered fights of batteries were constantly in progress, where none of the three returned the other's fire, and some of the criss-cross fires were very puzzling to the timid correspondent, seeking to keep out of range of them all. At 1 P. M. the Japanese were shelling the town of Liao-yang very heavily, and every few minutes fires would be started by the Shimose shells. It seemed almost a wanton destruction of life and property, as the Russian positions were a full half-mile in advance of the wall, and the lines of Russian retreat led around the city, and not through it. We afterward learned that the lives of seven hundred peaceful Chinese had been forfeited.

Exactly at noon the Russians fired their great warehouses in the concession, and the last act of the battle-drama was on. White and black smoke clouds rose for hundreds of feet in the air, and were driven northward by a stiff, cold wind until the view of the country in that direction was completely blotted out.

Smaller fires burst forth in half a dozen other places. The enemy was now using both fords and pontoons and everything was going north. Two railroad trains, close together, crept over the bridge, the rear one stopping when clear of the structure. We thought the bridge was going and watched anxiously, but the explosion never came, and an hour later the train moved on. At 3 P. M. the upper and middle pontoons began burning, but the lower or eastern one was left intact—no doubt to be utilized, later, for the retreat of the artillery. As the afternoon wore on, the strength of the artillery fire seemed to lessen, though the guns kept on firing more and more deliberately, like the slowing down of a great factory at quitting time. During the early hours of the night the small-arm firing once more increased and then died away. The enemy had gone, and with him all of his men, his cannon, and the most of his supplies.

September 4th.—In the morning nothing but a regiment of the Guards remained behind in the position held the day before. The rest were marching rapidly to the relief of the other two divisions of Kuroki's army. A foreign *attaché* stopped long enough at our shelter tent to arouse us and supply the information that Liao-yang had been evacuated, and that he and his fellows were off on the northern movement. A recalcitrant and red-bearded photographer, on a big horse, rode down the highway at dawn. We hailed him and invited him to a hurried breakfast. This American representative of the picture press had been "lost" for three days. He was going into Liao-yang, and he added that some of the other Americans were "lost," too. We all started for the city together, but, after the tenth Japanese soldier had insisted that the photographer was a Russian, the rest of us mildly intimated that he was a menace to life, with his bushy red beard and his giant of a horse—a giant among the equines of any country, let alone Japan. He left us in a huff, and beat us into Liao-yang.

Never will the few foreigners who saw the battlefield of Liao-yang on the morning of September 4th be able to dismiss from their memories the fearful sights they witnessed. Already, in the mists of early morning, hundreds and hundreds of crematory fires dotted the plain. Just a layer of firewood, then a layer of dead bodies, and above them another covering of fuel. As the flames crackled, the dead shrank and shriveled and rose up, tortured, to sink back in ashes, while hideous skulls, with empty sockets, grinned through the quivering heat. The air reeked with the fumes of burning flesh, and the smoke blew scalding into one's eyes. Fuel was scarce and the dead numbered thousands, so as many more of the stiffened corpses were thrown thudding into the hollow trenches, in rows a hundred yards long, and covered from sight with a blanket of earth. The living, gaunt and tired, shuffled stumbingly as they wearily dragged in the dead to pyre and pit, or piled up the rifles and ammunition belts of comrades who had served their country for the last time into huge stacks. Poor chaps! Eleven days of a carnival of war, and, after all, they had failed to accomplish their great purpose—the forcing of Kuropatkin into a decisive battle.

We passed through the tenth division, and the dead around them, scattered over fields and in trenches, seemed actually to outnumber the living. In the Russian concession there was practically nothing left except the fine brick buildings and a few hundred skeletons of iron bedsteads. The immense storehouses of wheat were a mass of ashes and glowing coals. There were no Russian dead in the very many trenches we examined, but numerous groups of neatly-made graves, with wooden crosses to mark them, were found under the sheltering trees of every Chinese village. The writer cannot but question the official statement of the Japanese that they buried over three thousand dead Russians. It is really pathetic to witness the attempts of Japanese officials to buoy up the sensitive heart of their nation with itemized statements of their spoils of war. As a matter of fact, they were very meagre.

Beyond all contradiction, the Japanese army failed to carry out its plan of grand strategy at Liao-yang, which was to force the Russians to fight a decisive battle, by cutting off their army in the rear. "Do you think the battle of Liao-yang will end the war?" every Japanese officer has queried, either in English or through an interpreter, since the day we left Feng-wang-cheng. A successful cutting off of Kuropatkin, a crushing victory for Japanese arms, opened several avenues toward the consummation of peace—a consummation which, I believe, is desired by most of the Japanese leaders and people, provided it can be secured with honor and material advantage—either by the Russians suing for terms, or by the Japanese asking for intervention, on the grounds of their unvarying success in battle and the consequent useless sacrifice of life in both armies, as well as of the property and interests of a neutral people toward whom they have already declared a policy of non-interference.

The Japanese soldier gave an exhibition of his marvelous staying powers of bravery and heroism in battle. All hail to him as the finest and grittiest infantryman on earth, for he met his enemy behind trenches from which he should have stopped him five to one. The technical victory belongs to the Japanese. Kuropatkin inflicted a dreadful punishment on his enemy, and proved himself a military master by withdrawing his inferior forces to a new base without the loss of a piece of artillery, and by sacrificing supplies which were a mere bagatelle to a great army. The Japanese semi-official statements admit a loss of 27,000, which may safely be increased six or seven thousand. I see no reason to change my original estimate of Russian losses, which I placed at 12,000.

The rear-guard action toward Mukden continued for five days after the writer was speeding for the coast and China, at the end of which time the Japanese armies returned to the vicinity of Liao-yang to recuperate. Japanese re-enforcements a hundred thousand strong are being rushed to Liao-yang, and it may be that the Japanese will yet surround the Russians at Mukden and defeat them.

## Population and Prosperity.

OUR POPULATION is on the increase as never before, and there is not a shadow of doubt that it will continue to steadily increase, at least for the next half-dozen years; and no reasonable mind can doubt the enormous significance of this increase in population in its relations to the demands for the necessities as well as for many of the luxuries of life. Four years ago we were surprised at the census which showed a population of 75,000,000, but we soon came to regard such a population as a mere matter of course, and now we talk of 80,000,000 and seem to attach but little significance to it. And yet, in 1910, if the percentage of increase keeps on, we shall have a population of more than 88,000,000. When it is realized that in the past thirty-three years our population has increased 100 per cent., while that of all the world has increased but 25 per cent. we get some idea of what this expansion in our population means to the United States. And the increase in population can have but one effect, and that is to increase our prosperity and material resources.

Take, for instance, the great addition to the inland commerce of the United States—and it is on this inland commerce that all our national prosperity is chiefly based. It is possible to give an approximate estimate of the amount of this inland commerce as computed by the government. It amounted in 1870 to \$7,000,000,000; in 1900 it was \$20,000,000,000; in 1903 it amounted to \$22,000,000,000, and at that figure it is important to note that it was equal to the entire international commerce of the whole world. At the rate of growth which it is reasonable to expect, our internal commerce in 1910 will amount to \$25,000,000,000, a sum the proportions of which the mind fails to grasp.

## If Tired, Restless, Nervous,

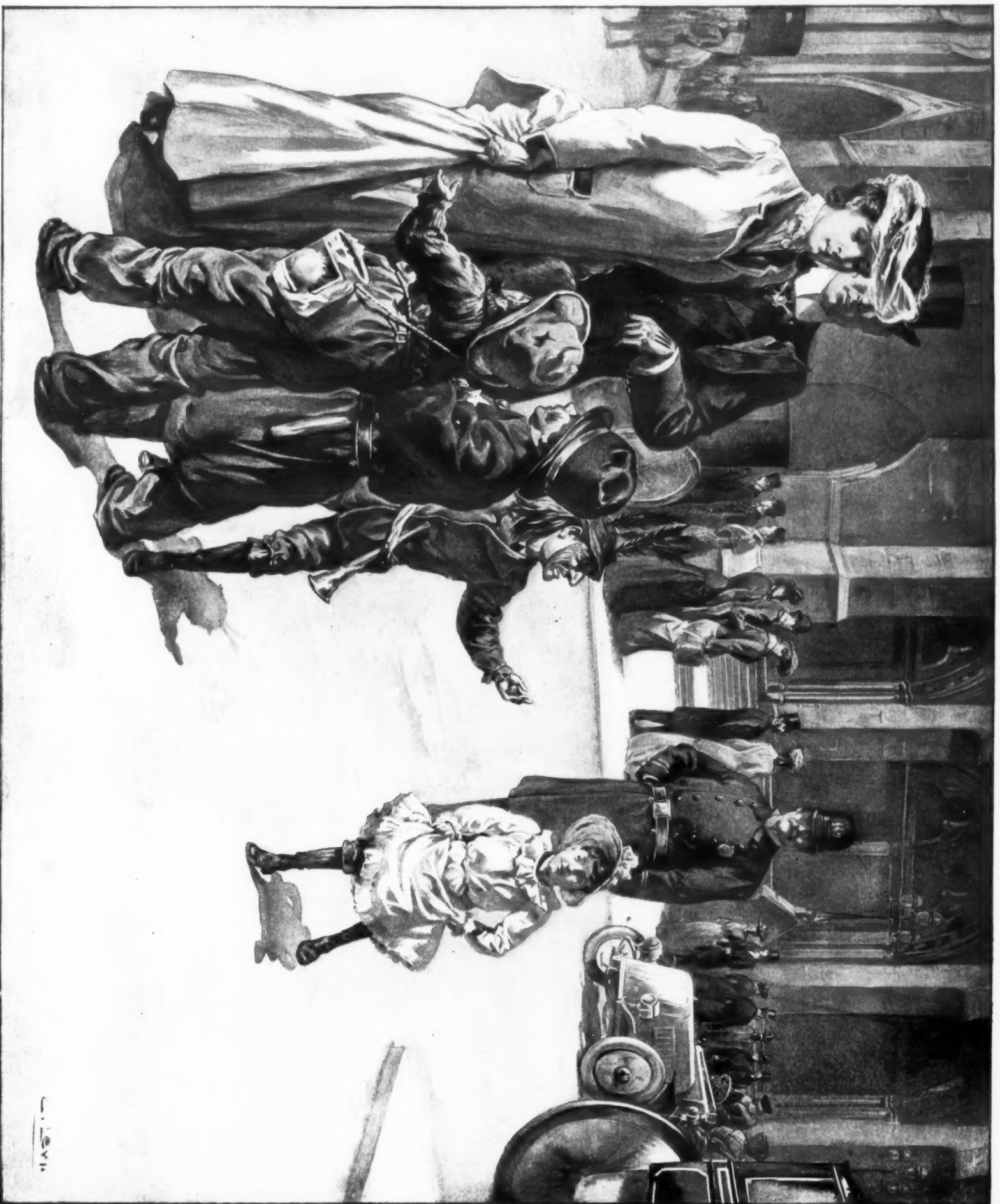
TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

IT quiets and strengthens the nerves and brain, restores the appetite, and induces refreshing sleep.

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offered for new-born infants do not and cannot contain the valuable elements of milk required for the proper nourishment of the child. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is superior to other artificial foods, and its use prevents sickly, weak, and rickety children.





CURIOUS THANKSGIVING-DAY CUSTOM IN NEW YORK.

YOUNG MASQUERADERS DEMANDING GIFTS OF WEALTHY PROMENADERS ON FIFTH AVENUE.

*Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by C. Levi.*



## JEMIMA'S ADVENTURES IN NEW YORK

No. 9.—She Enjoys a Thankful Thanksgiving

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood



"JEMIMA GASPED IN HORROR."

THE HODGE-MULLIGANS had returned from their wedding trip. On leaving Niagara Falls they had visited Tonawanda, where Aunt Matilda had given them a large reception with guests corralled from the neighboring towns, and ice-cream sent down from Buffalo. On their arrival in New York they took up a temporary residence with Mr. and

Mrs. Mulligan, Sr., as stated in the social columns of the *Alumni Record*, of the Durfee Commercial College. James Mulligan was anxious to begin married life as a suburban resident. The trials of the commuter had no terrors for him. There was something alluring in the prospect of a daily trip to town in the company of an army of respected business men, and a return in the evening to a small house of his own, with several feet of garden behind and a few struggling trees in front. Upon this proposition Mr. Mulligan, Sr., had firmly set his foot. He was a New Yorker born and bred, and he'd have no Jerseyites in his family.

"To think of me oldest boy making a private express line of himself for all his neighbors, and carrying out his provisions in a market basket. *Niver*; I've found the ward good enough fer me, and, Jiminy, me boy, I guess ye'll do the same. It's stuck by me, and I ain't been the loser."

Mulligan was an honored member of the police force, and there were those who declared that no man could be elected in the ward without his support.

"Politics is a good business fer young men, and they'll be wanting some one to step in me shoes one o' these days," had been his verdict.

So the young Mulligans went to house-keeping in an apartment within the precincts of "the ward," and the balance of social power shifted from Harlem to old Greenwich. Gwendolyn Mulligan had at an early age mastered the intricate technicalities of housekeeper under the far from lenient tutelage of her aunt Matilda; and for the last five years she had done her share of sweeping and dish-washing in the Harlem flat. She was not the one to be daunted by the difficulties of home-making; and she ruled her kingdom in the Charles Street apartment in a manner which made the masculine members of the Hodge crowd gaze upon the lucky James with respectful envy.

Great as was Gwendolyn's pride in many-cushioned cozy corners, gilt-framed pictures, and large, shaded piano lamp, it was her position as lady of leisure over which she gloated to her business friends. She attended a morning class in domestic science. She became a weekly visitant at the children's ward of St. Mary's Hospital. She was elected to the Matrons' Afternoon Literary Society of the Federation of Professional Women's Clubs. She took singing lessons of Professor Carenello. Gwendolyn's voice had always been admired by the crowd, who thought a gifted singer was wasted on the Wise & Fox millinery department.

Young Mrs. Mulligan was not long in becoming a voice and a power in her new neighborhood. Before the end of the first week she had exchanged recipes with every resident in the house. She made the acquaintance of the milliner on the corner, and gave her many valuable tips on the renovating of old stock. To the everlasting gratitude of her fellow apartment dwellers, she licked the janitor into shape with a course of far-famed Hodge invective. She warmed the heart of Mulligan *pere* by her undaunted wit. She delighted the soul of Mulligan *mere* with her skill in fashioning picture throws—a long, ungratified desire of her ambitious mother-in-law.

So popular did Mrs. Mulligan become, that even with the aid of a large engagement-book, she had trouble in keeping her appointments from conflicting. However pressing her social duties might be, she allowed nothing to interfere with frequent shopping expeditions to the scene of her former labors. She who thought little of preparing a whole trousseau in three weeks now managed to spend a luxurious half-day looking at table linen or pricing dining-room rugs. Seated in the Japanese tea-room at the close of her tour, she held court, graciously receiving her admirers, and bestowing glances of puzzled recognition on the curious McQuires.

Enfield Centre had heard with satisfaction of Jemima's engagement. Mrs. Shannon remarked at

church, the Sunday after the news reached them, that she had prophesied a brilliant match for Jemima Hickson ever since she had turned up her nose at Tom Hart. The *Grape Belt* printed Jemima's photograph and a column on the career of the young lady who had just announced her engagement to one of New York's leading business men. Mrs. Hickson began to talk about "annual visits to my married daughter in New York," and her prestige increased until at missionary teas she ranked second only to the minister's wife.

During Miss Andrews's visit to Cousin Carrie at the Corners, Mr. Otis Hart had brought them over to the Centre in his automobile several times. They had been entertained elaborately by the admiring Centreites. The Hicksons had summoned the family clans for Sunday dinner, and the two guests had made themselves agreeable by praising in no stinging terms Jemima's talents and achievements. When Miss Andrews related the tale of Jemima's latest advancement in the millinery department, Uncle Eben, who secretly rejoiced in the daring of his young niece, had slapped his thigh, and said he "guessed the Enfield Centre girl could beat the New Yorker every time."

Mrs. Shannon invited them to supper, and blatantly



"“LEAVE MY PRESENCE!” SHE COMMANDED."

flaunted the city visitors in the face of her haughty summer boarders. The Raphael Art Circle, which was indebted to Jemima and Miss Andrews for its existence, held a special social meeting at the Silver Creek studio of one Augustus Baumgarten, who made a specialty of crayon portraits, and copied the great masters with the aid of a pantograph. Indeed, so easily are prejudices overcome by tactful treatment that Enfield Centre, forgetting its traditional scorn, now boasted of being on speaking terms with the metropolis.

The day the news ran over the store with the rapidity of classic rumor, Sadie McQuire capitulated horse and guns. She sent Jemima an engagement present of a sofa pillow. The days of the McQuire glory were over. Nothing was left for them but the pleasure of making vague references to future careers with Fifth Avenue milliners. But the public, knowing this device of old, smiled significantly and were in no way deceived.

These autumn days were bringing a new life to Jemima. Never in her most romantic moments, when her dreams ran to knights and princes, had she imagined that an engagement could be so full of delights and surprises. She was a gay, thoughtless young girl, with a vain head and a strong will. Her friendship had been of the schoolgirl type, which exchanges penciled notes and vows eternal friendship, only to quarrel the next day. Men she had looked upon as good subjects for the practice of coquetry. But that fall revealed to Jemima the possibilities of human relationship. She and Arthur Connett spent their Sundays wheeling into the surrounding country, sometimes with the Mulligans, but more often alone. Jemima listened with increasing wonder to the tales a man tells to one woman alone.

When he was a small boy his parents had emigrated from Canada to a prosperous New England manufacturing village. His father had held a good position as head machinist until the factory had sold out to a large corporation. In the consolidation which followed he had been squeezed out. Days of privation and discouragement succeeded, until he was offered a position in a Jersey City locomotive works. He had

died soon after, leaving only the insurance from his lodge to sustain a wife and three children. Arthur at the age of twelve found himself a wage-earner and semi-supporter of his family—a position he had accepted unquestioningly. After his mother's death he had put his brother through business college and had seen his sister well married.

But his confidences were not all of the past. He talked to Jemima of the future, of his passion for machinery, his hopes for future opportunities to work along that line, and his ambitions in the business world. Jemima's revelations had been of a different nature. She had described her childhood on the farm, the social life of the little village, her pranks at the district school. At times, when the twilight was closing in after a day of riding in the exhilarating autumn air through a country ripe with harvest, she was moved to more intimate confidences. Standing on the fore end of the ferry-boat, his arm, under cover of the dusk, would creep about her waist and his hand lie over hers on the rail. As they threaded their way among the rival craft of the black river, the jeweled city glistened under the deepening blue of the sky like a valley of diamonds. Then she told him in shy whispers of her childish dreams and of ideals half formed and never uttered until that moment, when a longing for soul companionship had forced them to expression.

If at such moments Jemima trembled and drew back in fear at the surrender of her individuality, no less did Connett reverently marvel at the miracle which had given him the fulfillment of his cherished hopes. It occurred to neither of these ecstatic children that there were fifty thousand lovers in that very city making the same wonderful discovery. They believed that the favoring gods had created this experience for them alone, and thus every illusion enhanced its mystery and its beauty. During all these weeks there was but one subject upon which the two differed. Connett still pleaded for an early marriage. Jemima still as stoutly held out for a June wedding. The continual sight of Mulligan's happiness served to increase the impatience of the ardent Arthur, but Jemima had lost none of her decision in spite of her engagement, and she refused to repeal her decree.

In the middle of November Arthur Connett was sent up to Hartford to examine an automobile factory with which Wise & Fox was to open negotiations. Winter was advancing now with unconcealed strides. One came out of the store at 5:30 to find the streets aglow with lights, the chestnut vendors plying their trade by the light of picturesque torches, the stars twinkling jovially in the cold, brilliant sky. The Hodges were to celebrate the approaching Thanksgiving at the Mulligans', and Gwendolyn was so absorbed in the preparations for the housewarming that she and Jim sent their regrets to the Lindenhurst reunion.

It was during Arthur's absence in Hartford that Jemima was promoted to the coveted position of shopper. Every morning she collected her books of sample and shopping lists from madam's assistant, and sallied forth to match silks and velvets not to be found in the Wise & Fox stock, but ordered by exacting customers. The first lord of the bed-chamber could not have been more scornful in refusing to clothe his sovereign in rags than was Jemima when offered a material five cents' worth inferior to the one demanded. She had an excellent eye for color, and her training as improver had given her almost a super-sensitive feeling for textures and qualities. When she came in with the results of twenty critical commissions, deposited them before madam's master eye, and received a curt nod of approval, Jemima thrilled with the joy of success, all the more intense



"“SHE TOLD HIM IN SHY WHISPERS OF HER CHILDISH DREAMS.”"





THE HEADSMAN AND HIS VICTIM.  
*G. Ryder, New York.*



MARKETING FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.  
*Nellie Coutant, Indiana.*



READY FOR A THANKSGIVING COSTUME  
PARTY IN OLD-FASHIONED NEW  
ENGLAND.  
*Mrs. Henry, Pennsylvania.*



(PRIZE-WINNER.) "WE'VE GOT A DUCK FOR OUR THANKSGIVING  
DINNER."—*George Hartmann, Wisconsin.*



TWO LITTLE BIRDS FOR A FUTURE  
THANKSGIVING  
FEAST.  
*Mrs. E. E. Trumbull, New York.*



THE LAST HELPING AT THE THANKSGIVING BANQUET.  
*Miss Caroline Fuller, New York.*



THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.  
*Mrs. H. Clarke, Illinois.*

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—WISCONSIN WINS.  
SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL FEAST-DAY REFLECTED IN THE ATTRACTIVE WORK OF SKILLED CAMERISTS.  
(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 501.)



because madam was a relentless task-mistress who never forgave or forgot a blunder.

Jemima was just starting out one morning on the uncertain quest of lace and feathers to match Mrs. Mortimer Cristy's Paris gown, when a third-floor errand-boy thrust into her hand a note from Connett. He had just returned, a day earlier than expected, and wanted Jemima to meet him at twelve at the front entrance for lunch. Jemima penciled on the back of it, "Impossible. Must wait till 5:30; have some news," and started gayly out, enjoying the prospect of Arthur's surprise when he heard of her promotion that evening. Now, the vagaries of Cupid are in no way to be accounted for, but it happened that this was the day which he had chosen to prove to Jemima and Connett that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

When Jemima at last found the materials which were to make a French hat for her Madison Avenue customer, it was already past her lunch hour, and she dropped into a Broadway restaurant rather more pre-tentious than the five-and-ten-cent variety she usually patronized. It was a place where she and Connett had dined in the early days of their engagement. After a hurried luncheon, she was just paying her check when she ran into Harold Gilbert in the act of entering. He had taken his defeat hardly, and it was common gossip among the crowd that he thought Jemima was throwing herself away on that Connett. He had had little to say to her since the fatal announcement, but he stopped now to congratulate her on her new position.

Glancing up with a bow of recognition to some one behind her, he grasped her hand cordially, and said in a manner befitting a jewelry clerk, "I can't tell you the pleasure it has been to see you; I shall look forward to our next meeting." His tender pressure and his meaning intonation sent an uneasy blush to the milliner's face, which the sight of Arthur Connett, standing grim and angry at the foot of the steps, served to accentuate. Connett's French blood burned with jealous fire, and to Jemima's joyous "Oh, Arthur!" he returned, icily:

"I understand perfectly, Miss Hickson, why it was impossible to see me this noon. You needn't explain at 5:30."

Jemima gasped with horror as the full force of the situation struck her. She started an indignant remonstrance, but the scornful incredulity on Arthur Connett's face petrified her powers of expression. She dashed past him and hurried down the street, crushed into numbness. She had not gone a block when Arthur overtook her. "Jemima, tell me it is some mistake," he said, white-lipped and tense. "You have been playing me fair, haven't you?" But Jemima, still quivering from his doubt-smitten glance, tore off her ring without a word. She had seen it done on the stage—pressed it into his hand and boarded a car.

There followed days marked by peculiar sensations. Jemima, who had not been sick a day since she had been in New York, consulted the store physician, who prescribed a tonic and told the young woman to eat more and to go to bed early. As a matter of fact, Jemima could not eat. Her breakfast might have been hay and chips, for any desire she had to choke it down; and as for sleep, she lay awake till nearly morning, staring into a future as black and hopeless as the night about her. She sent back, unopened, bulky letters from the anguished Connett, and she exercised all her ingenuity in escaping him at the store. Jemima knew her Duchess! She had no inclination to mingle with her friends. She no longer frequented the girls' sitting-room, and the dressing-room was deprived of her

brilliant repartee. If Miss Andrews and Cousin Carrie had not been so busy with their own affairs they would have become alarmed for her physical and spiritual well being.

Thanksgiving morning Jemima awoke to the realization that life is a hollow mockery. She was a cynic, a scoffer at the conventions called love and friendship. She had made the discovery that happiness is an illusion existing only in the disordered brain of man. But for all her stoic pessimism, she was assailed with a well-nigh irresistible desire to lay down her head and weep. Instead, she repaired to Charles Street and assisted Gwendolyn in her preparations for the evening house-warming. "There, Jen," said the young housekeeper, as she surveyed the pyramid of fruit on her dining-room table, her freshly-laundered linen, and the cold chickens waiting in the pantry. "You look kind of pale; you'd better walk down to the park and get a breath of fresh air, while I run over to Mother Mulligan's."

It was dusk as Jemima went down the steps to the sunken inclosure—once a cemetery in the suburbs of the city, now a quaint park in the heart of old Greenwich. In the playground the children tooted their Thanksgiving horns, and, in spite of the cold, fought for swing and sand-pile privileges. As she watched them, half-heartedly, it suddenly came over her that she hated New York. The wanderlust died and the longing of *heimweh* seized her. She revolted from the artificial, soulless bauble called metropolitan life. Better end her days in a Silver Creek milliner-shop, scattering deeds of kindness and making happy the declining years of her aging parents, than to stifle in an atmosphere unknown to trusting love and hostile to simple faith. She would go home to-morrow, shaking the dust of this degenerate city from her feet. Here the appearance of Harold Gilbert interrupted her bitter thoughts. He had tracked her from the Mulligans'. Jemima cast upon him the glance of a tragedy queen in the third act.

"Leave my presence," she commanded. "You

have ruined my happiness forever. I shall never forgive you."

At which astounding statement Gilbert stayed not to remonstrate, but turned and fled, upsetting an amateur prize-fight in his alacrity. But Jemima lifted up her voice—to speak figuratively—and wept. She wanted her mother! Whereupon a figure lurking humbly in the background emerged boldly. In spite of the stragglers on the benches and the proximity of the boisterous children, he held Jemima fast in two strong arms and dried her tears on a stalwart shoulder.

The house-warming festivities were at their height. Mrs. Mulligan had rendered "The Holy City" with her newly-acquired tremolo. Jemima, miraculously restored to health and radiant happiness, had recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus," when Arthur Connett electrified the company with the formal announcement that this was positively the last appearance of Miss Hickson in public, as she left in a few days for Enfield Centre to prepare for her wedding on New Year's Day.

[Jemima's Adventures in New York will be continued in the Christmas Number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, which will appear December 8th. It will contain an account of her Christmas at Enfield Centre.]

—EDITOR.

### The Law's Delay.

THE CLEAR and forcible arguments set forth in the columns of this journal by Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, in behalf of simpler court procedure and fewer delays in the administration of justice find direct and equally forcible support in an address made by Judge Coxe, of the United States Circuit Court, during the recent commencement season at Columbia University. Judge Coxe declared that we are suffering in this country from an "over-production of law," citing the fact in support of this statement that there are fourteen thousand statutes made annually in the United States, with New York standing at the head of the list with from six to seven hundred each year. "We legislate to cure all evils," he said, "to remedy past ones, to prevent new ones, to raise money, and to stop immorality. And yet every day we see crime go unpunished and murderers go free. The mob, tired of the law's delay, drags out its victims to death in the light of flaming jails and court-houses."

Coming to the question of a remedy for this state of things, Judge Coxe was no less concise and explicit in his language. "Let the Legislature meet biennially or triennially," he said. "Let there be no special legislation; let there be no increase in the number of the judiciary, but a decrease in foolish legislation; let there be no trials by jury in commercial cases; and let there be a law that will compel jury attendance and make the impaneling of one in necessary cases easy." Thus we have the views of two eminent and experienced jurists of our highest courts in support of the contention that the administration of justice in this country is seriously hampered and retarded by too much law-making and by too much latitude being allowed to the legal profession in the matter of trials and appeals.

Such views have long been held and sometimes set forth by intelligent laymen who have been witnesses of, if not participants, in the loss and suffering caused by the useless, tedious, and exasperating delays common in our present system of court procedure. The rigid conservatism of the many lawyers who oppose any change in the existing methods must eventually be overcome by the growing demand for reform.

### A Thanksgiving Courting.

I USED to watch her come and go,  
A slender maid in brown  
Who lodged across the hall, and toiled,  
Like me, away down town;  
And like me, too, she had to take  
Her dinner o'er the way,  
Within a little restaurant  
Upon Thanksgiving Day.

WE chanced to meet upon the steps—  
'Twas cold and cloudy weather.  
"Why should we not," I boldly said,  
"Dine *tete-à-tete* together?"  
And so I looked across the board  
In eyes of tender gray  
That fell before my ardent gaze,  
Upon Thanksgiving Day.

SHE wore a rosebud at her throat,  
Her face was fresh and fair,  
"Let us no longer be," I cried,  
"A lonely, homeless pair."  
But let us rent a cozy flat—  
Dear girl, what do you say?  
And dine together ever more  
Upon Thanksgiving Day."

MINNA IRVING.

## The Story of the Origin of Banking by Mail

By Edward White

WHEN THE history of savings banks is written it will serve as a supplemental history of liberty and civilization. Their inception was the outgrowth of a most zealous agitation following the struggle for freedom by the colonies and the fall of the Bastille on the other side of the Atlantic. For centuries previous church and state had been subject to the rule of the rich and powerful, and the poor of all nations were more or less enslaved. With the severing of the shackles came the demand for greater individual responsibility—for the assertion of greater self-respect—and this demand found its response in the establishment of banks for savings, whereby the people were afforded the opportunity of becoming sharers in the general prosperity. Savings banks perform the same service for the people in the financial world that the ballot-box does in the political world, and through that service they have become mighty bulwarks of the nation's welfare. As an eminent writer has said: "Every savings bank is a monument to that enlightened self-interest which is the corner-stone of all progress, material, intellectual, and spiritual." They not only teach the people lessons of thrift; they pay them a handsome premium for accepting those lessons.

The first savings bank in history of which there is any authentic record was established in Ruthwell, Scotland, in 1810, by the Rev. Henry Duncan in his own parish. The first institution of the kind to be organized in America was in Philadelphia, in November, 1816. A month later an institution for savings was formed in Boston, under an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and bore the distinction of being the first savings bank in the world to be incorporated and regulated by law. In the petition for a charter of this

institution appeared the following forcible sentence:

"He is the most effective benefactor of the poor who encourages them in habits of industry, sobriety, and frugality."

The underlying principle of savings institutions has remained the same from the inception of the first one on American soil—a place of safety and security for the accumulations of those who work and save—the only variation in their conduct being conformity with the laws of their respective States and the adoption of methods to meet the requirements of the different communities. The system which has become so widely known as "banking by mail" had its origin in the industrial and commercial development of a city which has made it the marvel of modern times—the city of Pittsburgh. Here were opportunities for investment which were not vouchsafed by any other city or community in the country. These investments were absolutely safe because of the solidity of the various industries and because of the profit which they afforded. Savings banks took advantage of this condition and began paying a high rate of interest—twenty-five per cent. higher than the highest rate paid by other cities. About this time it was noticed by the officers of the Peoples Savings Bank that depositors moving away from Pittsburgh not only left their accounts intact, but added to them from time to time by sending remittances through the mails. This business continued to grow, and the bank officials noted further that the plan of making such deposits was perfectly safe and gave such excellent satisfaction that they very wisely concluded to extend its usefulness, and thereupon began the work in a systematic manner. This marked the beginning of banking by mail.

That was in 1890, when Pittsburgh was beginning to

assume world-wide importance as an industrial and financial centre, and while the business of the Peoples Savings Bank was confined almost exclusively to local accounts. Since then its out-of-town business has grown to such an extent that it has become a most important part of the bank's transactions, its depositors who are non-residents of Pittsburgh numbering many thousands, and embracing citizens of nearly every country on the globe. A significant feature of the working of the system is that in the fifteen years of its operation not a penny of all the millions which have passed backward and forth has ever been lost. Every dollar is as safe as though it were passed through the windows of the tellers' cages by the depositor in person.

An account may be opened at any time by sending check, bank draft, express or post-office money order for \$1 or more to the Peoples Savings Bank of Pittsburgh. Interest of four per cent. per annum, compounded twice yearly, is paid on all accounts, thus giving the transaction a genuine investment feature. No government security and no high-grade railroad bond will yield as great a return for the money actually invested, and when the name and reputation of the institution is taken into consideration, together with the character and high standing of its officers and directors, it will be seen that no securities have a better foundation or afford greater safety.

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**HANDSOME LILLIAN RUSSELL,**  
Who will reappear as a star at the Casino in "Lady Teazle."—Copyright by Falk.



**WINSOME FRITZ SCHIFF,**  
The comedienne in "The Two Roses," at the Broadway.  
*Reutlinger.*



**VIVACIOUS MAY IRWIN,**  
Whose return to the stage in "Mrs. Black Is Back," at the Bijou, has proved a great success.—Hall



**SPRIGHTLY ALENE CRATER**  
As the *Polite Lady Lunatic* in the revival of "The Wizard of Oz," at the Academy.—*Otto Sarony Co.*



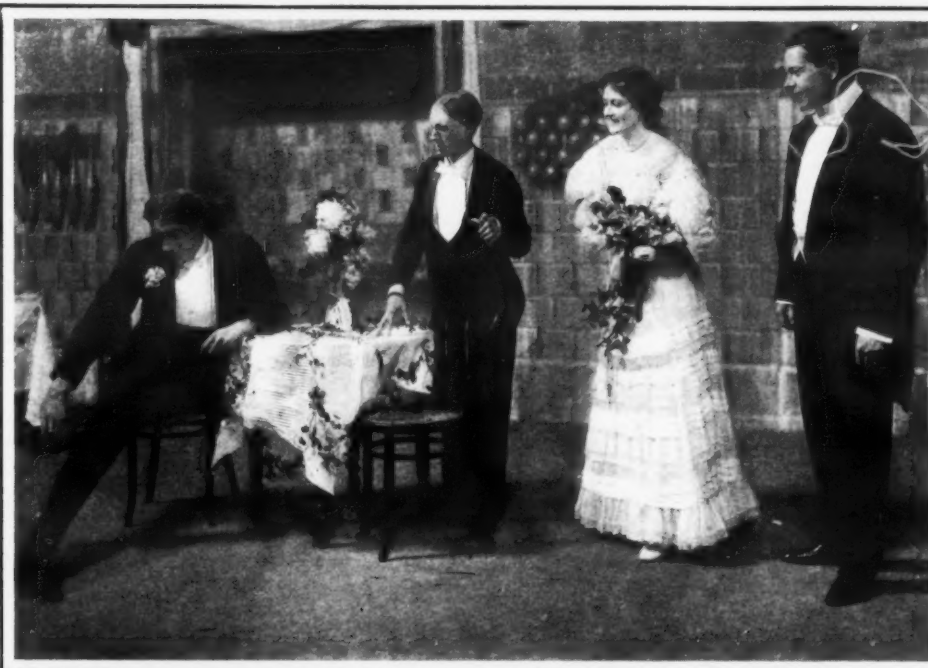
**CHARMING ANNA LAUGHLIN,**  
Who appears in her original rôle of *Dorothy Gale* in the perennial "Wizard of Oz."—*Chickering.*



**ACROBATIC WILLIAM C. SCHRODE**  
As *Humpty Dumpty* in the spectacular pantomime of that name at the New Amsterdam.—Hall.



**POPULAR LEW FIELDS,**  
Whose new theatre, bearing his name, opens shortly with a stock company of musical-comedy stars.—*Sarony.*



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## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE bull manipulators have been working overtime to induce the public to really believe that a first-class, high-pressure, protracted upward movement was once more under way. The mad rush to buy stocks the day after election, when nearly three-quarters of a million shares were sold in the opening hour on the New York Stock Exchange, and 2,300,000 shares during the brief five business hours of the day, shows that the leaders have partly succeeded in their effort. A bull movement at this time would come, not when stocks were on a low, but when they were really on a high, level, and therefore at a time when enormous profits had already been realized by fortunate purchasers of stocks on a much lower basis.

Those who had been responsible for the rise of the past few months were

the principal buyers during the period of extreme depression and general liquidation early in the year. Behind these manipulators was an abundance of cash, provided at nominal interest rates by the money kings of the Street, who were participants in the bull combination and who were prepared to hold their securities for handsome profits. The situation that followed the presidential election gave to these insiders a superb opportunity to unload on those who were madly rushing to buy everything and anything in sight, "A. O. T.," as the phrase of the Street goes, meaning "any old thing."

It is safe to say that a great part of the two and a quarter million shares sold on the Stock Exchange in New York the day after Roosevelt's election came out of the strong-boxes of those who had been looking for the most favorable chance to unload. It was a fine opportunity to try the temper of the public and to test its absorbing capacity. If it justified further purchases by the bull manipulators, in the hope of making a new and higher range of prices, the boomers stood ready to take advantage of that fact, and this process of buying and selling will be continued as long as

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it is profitable. A rising market is always more active and therefore more profitable, both for brokers and manipulators. Naturally, both are therefore inclined to the bull side; but let my readers remember that the bear contingent will be ripe and ready to get to work, not when the public is looking for them, but at the particular moment when the public becomes possessed of an idea that a rampant bull market is assured and that everything is bound to go much higher.

I do not say that the upward movement—over-extended as its time has been—will not continue until the public has generally been inveigled into Wall Street again. Thus far only a part of the great

Continued on page 497

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## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 496.

speculative crowd of 1901 has appeared. Perhaps so many of them were hurt that the ranks of the survivors look thin. The highest pitch of the bull movement will be struck when the public is told that there are not sufficient stocks to go around, and when everybody is scrambling to get into the market before some wonderful "deal" or "combination" has been finally closed. As I said on the twentieth of April, 1901, "there are always three stages in the bull movement; first, speculation; second, inflation, and third, consternation." We have passed two of these milestones, and sooner or later must reach the third. I do not believe that the business situation has as yet shown such a decided change as warrants much higher prices of the general list of stocks and bonds. Money has been cheap, and that has made it easy for heavy speculators to carry stocks; but money will not always be cheap, and the public will not always be satisfied with broken promises of deals, increased dividends, and greater earnings. Taught by bitter experience, the public is more watchful than it was three years ago, and more insistent on facts, figures, and demonstrated results.

In view of developments that promise to increase their strength, I do not say that prices of certain stocks may not be still quite reasonable; but, on the other hand, it begins to be evident that prices in certain directions are getting higher than they should be on report of earnings. Sometimes these reports are deliberately made to deceive. If insiders are in the market to buy, the expense account of the corporation is loaded and the profit is reduced. When insiders get ready to sell, book-keeping methods are reversed and the showing is good. Every one who has observed Wall Street carefully can recall instances in corroboration of this statement, and it will be noticed sometimes that the suspension of dividends on a stock will be immediately followed by an advance in its shares, which meanwhile have fallen to abnormal figures on rumors that the suspension was to take place. So far as the tips of Wall Street are to be considered, therefore, it is usually safe not only to question them, but to take the other side. It is a dangerous business, a gambler's game, and the "deal" is not fair.

I still believe that it is a time for great caution, that the money market before the year is out will indicate as much, and that the danger of gold exports in considerable quantities has not been passed. It is already said that the Secretary of the Treasury will be obliged shortly to call on depository banks for over \$20,000,000, and while this may not be sufficient to materially affect interest rates, it may happen concurrently with other unexpected demands, and exert an immediate effect on interest rates and on the stock market. If, under existing circumstances, with money tighter abroad than it is at home, with stocks on an average of from twenty to forty points higher than they were at the beginning of the year, and with transactions reaching over a million shares a day, the public rush in to make another frenzied bull market, as they did in 1901, there will be plenty of profit for those who get in and out of the market on quick transactions, and plenty of losses of the heaviest kind for those who stay until they meet the inevitable crash. A prominent manipulator on the bull side puts the situation in his own

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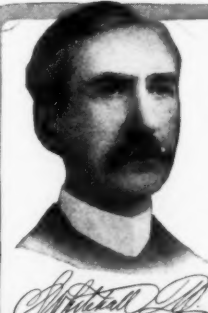


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Continued on page 498.



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"The students showed evidences of careful training. Managers are waking up to the fact that experience in dramatic schools is of value, and year by year pupils are finding their way to the professional boards in greater numbers."

For full particulars apply to **E. P. STEPHENSON, General Manager, Carnegie Hall**

**Asthma** Cured to Stay Cured. No medicines needed afterward. Book 24 Free. **P. Harold Hayes, Buffalo, N. Y.**

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 497

"S." Medina, O.: The shares are not dealt in on the exchange and I can get no track of the report of the company.

"J. P." Baltimore: I do not find you on my preferred list. The privilege ought to be worth the very trifling amount it costs for a subscription to LESLIE'S WEEKLY for a year or less.

"South Dartmouth," Mass.: The B. R. T. convertible 4s can hardly be regarded as a first-class investment. They are a speculative bond with a convertible privilege, and the recent advance has largely been caused by manipulation, which has not yet ceased.

"O. G." Poughkeepsie: 1. Favorable reports of Montreal and Boston have recently been given out, and those who have visited the property speak well of it. I am unable to answer from personal knowledge. 2. Can obtain no information regarding it. 3. Both are too highly capitalized.

"G. W." Milwaukee: 1. I have endeavored to obtain the information, but it is difficult to get insiders to talk. 2. If the general manager is worthy of confidence, I would accept his statement. 3. I hardly see how there can be a heavy short interest if the transactions have been so limited.

"R." Newcastle, Ind. 1. Amer. Sugar ranged last year from 108 to 134, and this year has sold as low as 123. The present price therefore looks high, but tips are abundant that it is to go still higher. No report of the company is made, and those who control it are not averse to taking speculative profits on their manipulation of the stock. For this reason I am afraid to advise regarding it. 2. Steel preferred seems to have had all the advance it is entitled to. I would much rather have Int. Paper preferred, if safety were my object. 3. Note weekly suggestions.

"Z." New York: 1. The public will learn when the market is a sale, only after it is too late to get the cream of the profit on that side. Insiders who lead the bull movement will all be ranged on the bear side long before the public will have notice of that fact. There have been signs that some of them have been making money on both sides during the past week. Any members of the Stock Exchange in good standing will handle your account, but they require full payment for small lots, and will not do a margin business in the latter. 2. John M. Shaw & Co., 80 Broad Street, are members of the Stock Exchange in excellent standing.

"Ranier," Washington: 1. I find no record of the bonds you mention and do not know where they are registered. The principal advantage of registration is that it establishes ownership. 2. It is difficult to say which of a certain group of stocks is cheapest at prevailing prices, for manipulation has been turning from one group to another under the inspiration of the bull leaders, and they hardly know themselves what group they may take up a day in advance. On reactions Texas Pacific is favorably regarded, though it has reached a price almost as high as the highest of last year. The lowest price last year and this has been around 20.

"J. M. W." New York: 1. The American Tobacco Co., according to the report of the earnings of the tobacco companies, are well secured, but the tobacco combination is in the hands of a highly speculative crowd. I think you would be better satisfied with the Tol. St. L. and Western 4s, around 80, 81, or 82. 2. While the Cuban 5s hold very strong, the stability of the Cuban government is still open to question, and these bonds cannot be regarded as gilt-edged. 3. The advance in the Steel 5s has been so great that many have taken a good profit in them. Others believe they ought to sell as high as the Lackawanna Steel Company's 5s, forgetting that the latter are a first lien, while the Steel Trust bonds are a second mortgage. 4. The rights of the American Tobacco 6s are prior only to those of the 4 per cent. bonds. The earnings seem to abundantly protect the former, and higher prices have been freely predicted for them. Insiders predicting 80 or as high as the Con. Tobacco 4s which have had such heavy recent advances.

"Y." Brooklyn, N. Y.: 1. Yes; Railway Steel Spring common paid 2 per cent. last April. 2. No one can tell whether the dividend will be increased until the directors take action; that is, no one can officially make such a statement. An increase in the dividend would no doubt still further advance the stock, but even on a 2 per cent. basis, if that dividend were assured, it would make a fair interest return on the money. I recommended the purchase of the shares when they sold considerably lower, and I believe always in taking a profit when you can get a fair one in such a market as this, though I must admit that this advice has not always given my readers the advantage of the highest prices.

"S. O." New York: If the guarantee on Metropolitan Traction were considered absolutely safe the stock would sell as high as Manhattan Elevated. The complexities of its situation and its relationship to the Metropolitan Securities Company are such that I could not undertake to set them forth in the brief space allotted to me in this paper. There are those who have believed that the leading owners of Metropolitan Traction might, in some way, unload it on the Interurban if the latter could stand it and if the bargain could be made; but unless some such combination is entered into, the future of Metropolitan must be more or less problematical until we have ascertained how far its business will be effected by the competition of the subway.

"F." Troy, N. Y.: 1. The preferred shares would be decidedly safer, especially of the first-mentioned stock. Of course you run your chances in buying non-dividend paying industrials, but if the market maintains its strength all of these must have their turn. I never like to advise getting into the market after it has had such a stiff advance. 2. No; variety is the spice of life and of the stock market, also. 3. In view of possible developments, the one first mentioned, if you take the preferred. 4. I would buy on a reaction, if at all. 5. Yes; Railway Steel Spring common, paying dividends, Int. Paper preferred, and Texas Pacific. American Making shares have been inactive for some time and are liable to have their turn; also Havana Tobacco preferred to the patient holder ought to bring a good profit eventually if bought around 45. 6. No. 7. Stocks listed on the exchange can always be sold at a price. 8. Any broker can buy any stock that is on the market. 9. Whether the new year will bring better times to Wall Street depends in great measure on whether it brings better times to business generally.

Information, Grand Rapids: 1. The future of the market depends, barring unexpected and unforeseen eventualities, on the condition of the money market. Cheap and abundant money will enable the manipulators to maintain their position on the bull side with much profit. It does not seem to me that money, in view of the increasing demand at home and abroad, can continue to be offered in abundance at the very low rates prevailing during the current year. 2. Southern Railway common ranged last year from 16 1-2 to 36 7-8, and this year from 18 3-4 to 36 1-2. On the basis of present earnings it has had a substantial advance, but in a bull movement might be put higher. No one can say at what price it would be a sale, for everything will depend on the general condition of the market, and also on the disposition of those who are now apparently in absolute control of the situation and whose interests are on the bull side. They have a habit of shifting to the bear side at unexpected moments. 3. The chief manipulators of the market have been interested in securing higher prices for Steel Trust shares and, incidentally, for those of the Republic Steel and Iron Company. No one knows how much they have unloaded or still have to unload. They will give the public all that the latter will take, and at the highest possible prices.

Continued on page 499.

## CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A  
Triumph  
in  
Sugar  
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, 100 sugar made can equal it in excellence. Every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. **YOU WILL BE BETTER PLEASED WHEN YOU HAVE TRIED IT IN YOUR TEA, COFFEE, ETC.**

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Remember that each package bears the design of a "DOMINO" MASK, "DOMINO" STONES and the names of the manufacturers (HAYMEYERS & ELDER, New York). **INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE.**

## AN IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT

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| 1 BOTTLE CLARET<br>Château Loudenne "Grand Vin" W. & A. Gilbey          | 2 BOTTLES SCOTCH WHISKEY<br>Strathmill Gold Top The King's Whiskey<br>W. & A. Gilbey Absolutely Pure, Highly Recommended |
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| 1 BOTTLE INVALID PORT<br>A Fine Vintage Wine Bottled by W. & A. Gilbey  | 1 BOTTLE COGNAC BRANDY<br>"An Old and Delicious Brandy"<br>Bottled by Boutelleau Fils, Cognac                            |
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Rye.**

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Santa Fe All the Way—that's the reason.

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A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago

Enjoy life—Go shooting and use—

## DuPont Smokeless

Winner of Grand Professional and Amateur averages in 1903—  
E. I. DuPont Co., Wilmington, Del.

### Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 498.

"E. H." New York: Do not find you on my preferred list.  
"McL." So. Lawrence: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months.  
"Montana": All I know about it is what has been printed. It is not listed on Wall Street.  
"Mariner": You must be a subscriber at the home office to be entitled to the privileges of this department. They certainly should be worth the cost.

"N." Elmira, N. Y.: 1. I would send my American Ice proxy only to some one in whom I had absolute confidence. 2. I have no faith in the Story's cotton chart, or in any proposition, no matter how attractive it may be, that offers to divide the profits made by your money, but not to share the losses.

"H." Illinois: The San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4s, guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Southern Pacific, and selling around 90, ought to be entirely safe and net you more than 4 per cent. Manhattan Elevated guaranteed 7 per cent. stock, around 160, will do the same. Tol. St. Louis and Western 4s, around 80, I regard as excellent, but at present not gilt-edged.

"H." Gardner, Mass.: 1. Mass. Con. Mining Company has a capital of \$2,500,000, par value of shares \$25 each. Its mineral lands are in Michigan in a lean copper field. The cost of operation is heavy, but a small net profit was reported last year. 2. U. S. Coal and Oil has \$6,000,000 capital stock, par value \$25 per share. The annual surplus earnings have been gradually diminishing of late and were less than \$2,000 last year, though the stock formerly paid dividends. No dividends have been paid since January, 1901. Both these stocks are highly speculative and do not look attractive, in view of the fact that there are much better things to be had.

"T." Pennsylvania: 1. Those who know all about Minn. St. Paul and S. S. Marie preferred, generally known as "Soo preferred," which is paying 7 per cent. dividends and has been selling under 150, thus netting almost 5 per cent., insist that it is as good and safe as St. Paul or Northwestern common, selling much higher and paying the same dividend. I regard Soo preferred with favor. 2. The Pennsylvania is not at present earning, according to latest reports, more than 7 or 8 per cent. It pays 6. I would rather have Soo preferred, considering the difference in the respective obligations and prices of the two companies. Speculatively, Reading common might be better, in view of an expectation of dividends, but you must take your chances, as the business situation might develop unfavorably and prevent such a declaration. 3. I would not sacrifice my American Ice preferred at a loss. Indications that the buying of it around 35 has been continued for some time are not lacking, and it is said that developments of material advantage to stockholders are anticipated. 4. In view of the fact that Steel common does not pay dividends, and cannot unless the improvement in the iron industry is of a permanent character, I would sell my stock if I could get out with a profit or without loss and invest the proceeds in some good industrial common stock paying dividends and selling not much higher, Railway Steel Springs, for instance. 5. Con. Lake Superior preferred is doing a very large business. Recently the Canadian government awarded it a second contract for 10,000 tons of steel rails for the Inter-Colonial road. It is rumored that this road will need at least 30,000 additional tons and the Canadian Pacific fully as much. As the Canadian government imposes a duty of \$7 per ton on American rails, the Con. Lake Superior has virtually a monopoly of the trade across the border, unless American export prices can be largely cut. Con. Lake Superior preferred certainly looks cheaper than any of the common stocks of American steel companies, most of which are selling higher, but the buyer of Con. Lake Superior shares must have patience. 6. Steel common may go to 40 on the after-election boom, but there is nothing in its earnings to justify even the present price. The public has been taught the danger of trusting too much to tips of this character. 7. Four dollars received. You are on my preferred list for one year.

NEW YORK, November 17th, 1904.

JASPER.

### New York a City of Great Hotels.

IT IS SAID that during the past three years more than thirty new fire-proof hotels have been constructed in the city of New York, at a cost of from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 each, and that more than twenty-five more of these costly edifices are still under construction or in contemplation. Perhaps the most famous of all the hotel proprietors of the old school in New York City is the Hon. James H. Breslin, formerly president of the Hotel keepers Association, at one time proprietor of the Grand Union, at Saratoga, and whose highest reputation in New York City was made as proprietor of the old Gilsey House on Broadway, and more recently of the Wolcott. In his honor, the latest Broadway hotel, the magnificent million-dollar structure at Twenty-ninth Street, across the way from the old Gilsey and just completed, has been named the Breslin. He is president of the company which has built it, and it will be under the management of George T. Stockham. The decorations of the new Breslin are in most exquisite taste, and some of the state apartments are a revelation of gilt, crystal, and color. Maids in black uniform for women guests, a hunting-room with a grill for men, a dining-room which is a replica of the *salon* of a French chateau, are among the unique features of this exceedingly attractive and absolutely fire-proof establishment. It makes our old friend Breslin once again a winner.

ONE of the most unique and useful holiday gifts you could possibly think of is the Cellarette put on the market by the well-known house of Acker, Merrall & Condit Company, New York. The Cellarette is a handsome case made up in several styles of wood, fitted with lock and key and with twelve separate compartments, each of which contains a full-size bottle of a fine selected wine or liquor. A purchaser of a Cellarette obtains not only an ornament to any home, but the finest goods at a very moderate price—twelve bottles, or ten different varieties, of the best selections of wines and liquors imported.

This valuable holiday present, which ought to appeal to every man, is delivered by the above-named concern to any railroad-station in the United States, and all freight charges paid. The price complete for the Cellarette is \$15.00. Full particulars at any of the Acker, Merrall & Condit Company's branches.

### My Dear Sir:

(And this is addressed to the gentleman who is now reading it.)

A man who is an acknowledged authority in the cigar business recently said to a friend of mine: "Shivers' Panetela Cigar is a good cigar—better than I expected, and for the life of me I don't see how it can be sold for the money."

I will tell him, as there are no secrets in my business.

Re-orders—My cigars have to sell themselves. They are good enough to cause men, in constantly increasing numbers, to re-order them of their own volition, and they do.

As an instance: One firm in New York has bought from me during the past two years an average of over one thousand cigars per month for their own and their employees' smoking. The office of this firm, by the way, is within three minutes' walk of three of the best retail cigar stores in the world.

If I had to hunt up a new customer every time I make a sale it would put me out of business in a month, but re-orders, not once, but repeatedly, I must have and do receive in continually growing volume.

The result is, I have built up a constantly increasing patronage. Incidentally I have sufficient standing orders for cigars, to be shipped on stated days of the month as they come around, to keep a small factory busy.

Every cigar that I make is sold direct to the consumer in lots of a hundred or more at wholesale prices (there are no discounts to dealers or clubs, nor for any quantity), and is shipped from the factory in the best of condition without any rehandling.

I manufacture every cigar that I sell, consequently I know exactly what is in them.

I do not retail cigars nor sell sample lots. It costs more to do so than to ship the original package, and in addition, one or two cigars is not a real test. Moreover, I might be charged with sending samples better than the goods prove to be. I ask smokers to give the actual cigars a fair trial, and if they are not pleased, to return the remainder. I can afford to take back a few cigars. I cannot afford to have any one displeased.

My theory at the start was that most men know and appreciate cigar values, and that they would sufficiently appreciate the difference between retail and wholesale cigar prices to go to the trouble of ordering cigars from me could I once induce them to give the cigars a fair trial. To get them tried—to get you to try them—is why I make my offer so broad and so liberal. What risk can you assume, provided, of course, that \$5.00 per hundred is not more than you care to pay?

My factory is close to the business centre of the third largest city in the United States. It is open to my customers and friends.

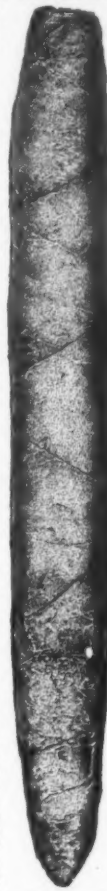
**My Offer is:** I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars on approval to a reader of Leslie's Weekly, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$5.00, within ten days.

In ordering, please use business letterhead, or inclose business card, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

Write me if you smoke.

Herbert D. Shivers, 906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Shivers' Panetela  
EXACT SIZE  
AND SHAPE



## Straight to the Gate

(The Golden Gate)

If you have spent a winter in California it is not improbable that you are planning to go there again. If you have never enjoyed the beautiful scenery, the delightful climate and the hundred other charms of the golden state, you owe it to yourself to postpone this ideal sojourn no longer. California is not impossible even to those of moderate means. The idea that a trip there is a luxury for only the rich has been abandoned by the knowing ones. With California

Less than 3 Days distant from Chicago, with comparatively low rates in effect via this line, and with excellent living in California at moderate cost, the trip there and back is within the reach of almost everyone.

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is one of the two fast daily trains Chicago to San Francisco via the St. Paul and Union Pacific line. Electric lighted throughout. The Overland Limited is a blaze of glory along the old overland trail. No other train compares with it in speed, service or equipment.

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is another excellent train. It carries tourist and standard sleepers Chicago to San Francisco. On both trains dining car service at moderate rates is offered for each meal. The tourist sleeper is first class in everything but name and expense. The Overland Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m., and the California Express, 10:25 p. m., daily. Descriptive books sent free on request.

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Use it daily in toilet and bath. You can be

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### One-Piece Collar Buttons

BECAUSE:

- They cannot break from use.
- They are easy to button.
- Stay fastened when buttoned.
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- They outwear any other make.

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by Means of Automatic Methods

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Your business training, however, has taught you to make quick decisions—to decide the thing to do at a glance.

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Send for Xmas circulars of appropriate and novel gifts for all. THE ELVO CO., Dept. A, WELFLEET, MASS.



## How and Where the Japanese Pray.

Continued from page 484.

the Nightingale Corridor, and is famous throughout Japan. The priest extends a cordial welcome to the chance visitor, and calls a novice, a young student who speaks English, to conduct him through the beautiful rooms of the old palace monastery, which stands deserted now, a monument merely to the imperial priests for whose use it was built. It was in 1609 that Prince Hachi-no-Miya, the eighth son of the Emperor Goyozai, entered Chion-in as a priest, and from that time until the restoration in 1868 the Ryojun-Ho-Shinne, or chief priest of the temple, was always a prince of imperial blood.

Following the polite young novice, one is led along seemingly endless corridors, past room after room decorated with exquisite simplicity by some of the greatest artists Japan has produced, the unpronounceable names of whom the boy rattles off for one's benefit with placid pride, imagining, I suppose, that such fame as theirs must have penetrated even to the land of the "green-eyed barbarians" who come armed with little red books to ask unanswerable questions and stare with unseeing eyes at this Japanese art, so far removed from Occidental understanding. Ah! here is a room of especial interest. The boy makes a dramatic pause. Down low on a corner *shoji* is the faint outline of two *nike suzume*, sparrows poised for flight, and the boy tells us gravely that they were painted by the great Nobumasa, and done so perfectly that they came to life and flew off the canvas and away to the cryptomerias, leaving only this faint trace of themselves.

"What a pity," I thought, "that they weren't nightingales, so we could have imagined that they lived the allotted time of bird life upon earth, and, dying, remained to haunt the scene of their creation by singing always in the corridor that approaches the entrance to the monastery." Maybe they got frightened at the huge white cat sitting upon another *shoji*, staring wide-eyed at one always, no matter from which direction one may happen to be looking.

The charms of the old place are manifold, but chief of them to me are the glimpses, through open *shoji*, of the gardens, with their scraggy pines, round azalea banks, wistaria arbors, lotus ponds, and iris pools. Wandering out through their green loveliness, one comes again into the main court, and, stopping to smile in through the barred library door at the grave Confucius and his scoffing attendants, follows the path under the trees to the long, narrow-winding flight of stone steps, moss-grown and broken, that leads to the giant bell on the hillside. Arriving under the eaves of the tower that holds this marvelous thing, one can only stand and wonder. Swung but about three feet off the ground, it towers upward to a height of nearly eleven feet; it is nine feet in diameter, nearly a foot thick, and weighs seventy-four tons, but these figures convey no idea of its huge impressiveness. It is of solid bronze and was cast in 1633. It is rung, not by a clapper suspended from the inside, but by an enormous beam hung from the eaves of the tower in such a way as to be pulled back by a couple of monks and allowed to swing full force against the side of the bell.

The tone produced is of such rolling, thunderous, mellow softness as lingers in one's memory always, always recalling solemn thoughts. I have strayed about these temple grounds all alone for hours at a time, and, wandering homeward along the monastery walks in the gathering evening shadows, always the voice of the chanting priest has reached me on the air:

"Namu Amida Butsu!"  
Glory to the Eternal Buddha! This is the way to the Pure Land!

### Oil Cure for Cancer.

THE DR. D. M. BYE CO., of Indianapolis, Ind., report the discovery of a combination of soothing and balmy oils which readily cure all forms of cancer and tumor. They have cured many very bad cases without pain or disfigurement. Their new books with full report sent free to the afflicted. Address the Home Office; Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505 M, Indianapolis, Ind.

Piso's Cure—40 years on the market, and still the best for Coughs and Colds. 25c. per bottle.

THE Sohmer Pianos are recommended to the public for their power, purity, richness and quality of tone, and are considered the most durable and reliable piano ever made.

**Absolute Purity  
Faultless Quality  
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**Hunter Whiskey**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
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## \$8.00 OUTFIT FREE.

A Dunlap block, Derby or Fedora Hat..... \$3.50  
A pair of stylish Lace Shoes, the new queen last 2.50  
A Percalo Shirt, detachable Collar & Cuffs 1.25  
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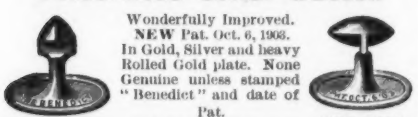
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LIFE INSURANCE is so great a boon to humanity that it is well worth the while of all who are not familiar with the subject to give it careful study. There are various sources of information for those who are anxious to investigate the matter, but no one of this mind can do better than to read Mr. Henry Moir's "Life Assurance Primer" (C. C. Hines's Sons Company, New York), a text-book for advanced schools and colleges, which deals in a most lucid and orderly way "with the practice and mathematics of life assurance." Mr. Moir, being a member of the Actuarial Society of America and actuary of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York, is qualified as few others can be to expound correctly the principles of insurance. His work shows that the system of life insurance rests on a definite and scientific basis; that its methods are firmly grounded on experience, and that its calculations have an exactitude that is wonderful. It explains the various kinds of insurance, and logically indicates the superiority of the old-line company's modes of business over those of the fraternal and assessment organization. The general reader of this enlightening volume will be convinced by its candid statements and sane conclusions, and will realize as never before how good a thing a life-insurance policy is. The young man who desires to enter the life-insurance business will find here instruction and suggestions that will serve to speed him on to success.

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THE AMOUNT of money annually lost in this country through stock speculation is enormous, but the aggregate of the losses due to unwise investments is far vaster. So many kinds and qualities of securities are offered for sale that an investor needs to be well posted as to values if he would not throw his money away. For this reason such a book as "The Art of Wise Investing," published by the Moody Publishing Company, New York, comes as a boon to people who have surplus cash to invest. The little volume is full of cautions and suggestions that should be read and heeded by every would-be investor.

## Possible Markets in France.

A. M. THACKARA, United States consul at Havre, France, reports that the latter country imports three times as much from Great Britain as it does from the United States, and that imports from Germany are twice as great as those from this country. Great Britain's and Germany's proximity gives them some advantage. Nevertheless, Mr. Thackara raises the question whether the American producers supply their proper share of the wants of the French markets. His opinion is that if the exporters of the United States would use more systematic efforts to bring their wares to the attention of the French people a larger consumption of American goods in France—especially of those open to competition—would be the result.

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